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Sept. '72
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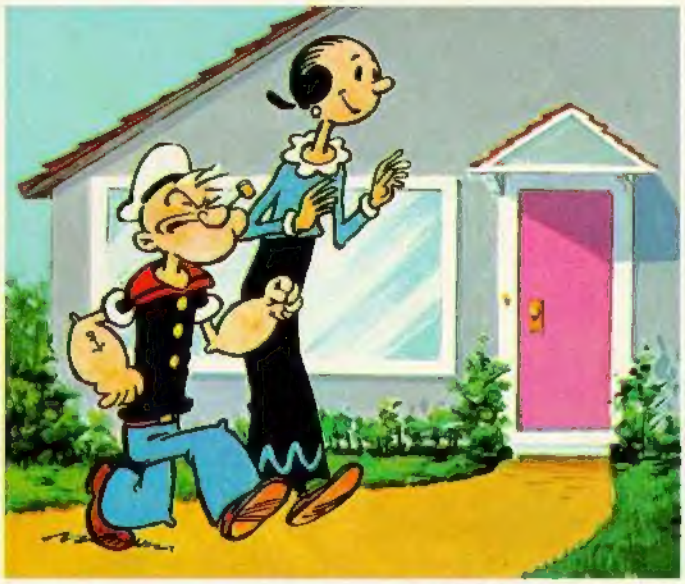
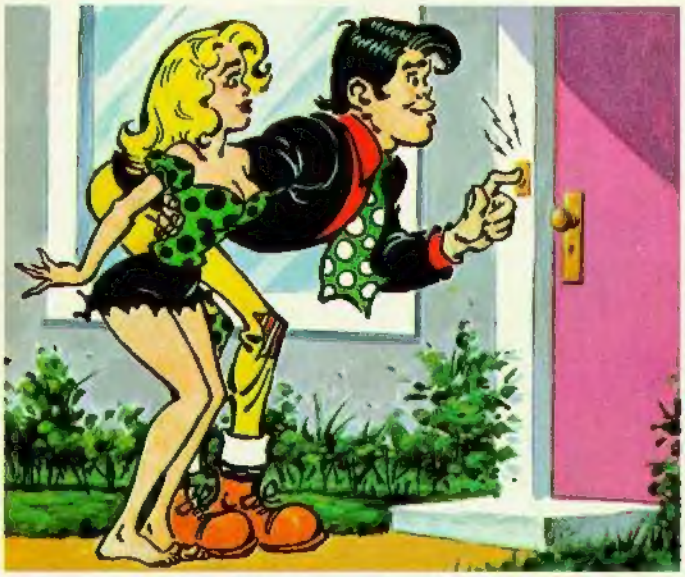


ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI



NUMBER 153 SEPTEMBER 1972

MAD

"If you were old before your time, you probably got that way having a time before you were old!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JOAN ZECCA,
CURTIS ANDERSON, DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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MAD—Sept. 1972, Vol. 1, No. 153 is published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N.Y. Subscriptions: In the U.S.A., 19 issues $7.00. Outside U.S.A. 19 issues $8.75. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1972 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence. Printed in U.S.A.

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Yep, that same stock of full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, suitable for framing and wrapping fish—that hung around our offices all Winter—now appears to be hanging around all Summer! So act quickly to help ring down the curtain on them. Send 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, $1.00 for 9, $2.00 for 27 or $4.00 for 81 to: MAD 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022

LETTERS DEPT.

CARNIVAL KNOWLEDGE

After reading your fine "Carnival Knowledge," I've come to the conclusion that Mort Drucker has done more for Jack Nicholson's "image" than all his one-dimensional rant-and-rave roles to date.

Kathy Giangreco
Des Plaines, Ill.

A few weeks ago, I sat in the movies being subjected to "Carnal Knowledge." I whispered to my fiancé that I couldn't wait to see what MAD did with "this one"! Thanks for giving it its just desserts!

Sherry L. Smith
Hawthorne, N.J.

SONGBOOK FOR '72 CANDIDATES

I really dig Frank Jacobs and David Gantz for the way they compiled "Candidates' Songs."

Greg Michaels
Madera, Calif.

Your "Lindsay Two-Party Chorus" was most prophetic of Double-Dealin' John. He made his political pothole and now he can preside in it!

Hella Stensig
New York, N.Y.

You did MAD's reputation a great injustice by printing "The Kennedy Carol." You are intelligent enough to come up with material without having to exploit tragedies . . .

S. Goddard
Mishawaka, Ind.

Regarding your "Wallace Rouser," you have insulted the greatest American that has ever walked the earth! Whether you care to admit it or not, Mr. Wallace voices the opinions of most Americans. Not once has he shown any anti-Black feelings, but has many times praised Black leaders (Shirley Chisholm). Those who do not know the true facts about Gov. Wallace tend to believe the distorted image the press has painted of him.

Rod Swanson
Hyattsville, Md.

Your "Songbook For The '72 Candidates" really told it like they are!

Janet Brody
Bethpage, N.Y.

THE SMALL BUSINESSMAN

Sergio Aragones's "The Small Businessman" certainly raises his stock!

Mike Zuberman
Rock Island, Ill.

FRONT COVER "SALUTE"

Your front cover, "MAD Salutes American Industry," was a work of art and so close to the truth. My Mom received a Redbook magazine for January 1972 and pages 77 through 92 were put in upside-down and backwards.

Steve Howe
Paramount, Calif.

Finally, I could read MAD from *cover to cover* without having to look inside. Bravo!

Carol Eddy
Glen Head, N.Y.

You clods can't even make a mistake right. In issue #151, the cover on my copy was *perfect!*

Michael Zakian
Astoria, N.Y.

Love your magazine, even though it tells the truth about life and greedy, slipshod manufacturers!

David Liggett
Aurora, Colo.

I marvel constantly at the thoroughness of your satires. As I picked up the "Salute . . ." issue, the cover fell off.

Padma Kaimal
Belmont, Mass.

AUTO MANUFACTURER OF THE YEAR

"MAD's Auto Manufacturer Of The Year" was great! It pictures all too well the mass ripoffs perpetrated on the boggled consumer today. I think everyone should read "What To Do With Your Bad Car," by Ralph Nader, and your excellent article, before purchasing any sort of "new" car, no matter what the price!

Tom Blackwell
Dallas, Texas

In the intro to "MAD's Auto Manufacturer Of The Year," you say that it is "another of those stupid fictitious interviews." I'll grant you that it might be stupid, but just what is fictitious about it? Only the names were changed to protect the guilty.

Walter Smith
Miamisburg, Ohio

KICK IN THE REAR

The rear cover of your June '72 issue suggests, I believe, the typical peacenik rot about how America is a prison, and that it is fascist Amerika which is responsible for the Vietnam war, and oh how rosy things would be if only we could give peace a chance. May I remind you that Hanoi, not we, started this war. May I ask why, in this generation of L-O-V-E and peace, youthful idealism extends only as far as its own backside?

Dick Oles
Baltimore, Md.

MARTIN'S OPERATING ROOM

I really enjoyed Don Martin's "In The Operating Room." As a hospital orderly, I can appreciate the truth to these pieces of literature(?).

Don Henrich
St. Louis, Mo.

MIRACLE CENTER

"Miracle Center" did miracles for my *funny bone*, the region of the elbow where the ulnar nerve passes close to the surface. Mainly, I kept jabbing my sister who was sitting in our car, next to me, as I read it hysterically!

Frank Judge
Grosse Pointe Park
Mich.

I just read the satire "Miracle Center." The cafeteria scene was the funniest I've seen anywhere.

Susan Whitenack
Gardenville, Pa.

Where on earth did Dick De Bartolo get his degree in writing? He took "Medical Center," a great television show and ruined it. Congratulations to Angelo Torres. If it wasn't for his great art work, I never would have read the article.

Rhonda Schonberger
Yonkers, N.Y.

Your satire "Miracle Center" was simply Prime Time!

Sue Harrington
Charlotte, N.C.

I think your "Miracle Center" was great but there was one thing you didn't mention. You didn't tell what a super doctor Dr. Gannon is. He specializes in almost everything. He's a radiologist, cardiologist, biochemist, bacteriologist, internist, gynecologist, obstetrician, urologist, neurologist, ophthamologist, otologist, peridontist, physical therapist, neurosurgeon, hematologist, plastic surgeon, pediatrician, dermatologist, pathologist, cardiovascular surgeon, allergist, general practitioner, psychiatrist, chiropractic acupuncturist, electromyographist, stomalogist, zymolotrist, histologist, endocrinologist, otorhinolaryngologist, anesthesiologist . . .

Mark Brewer
Flint, Mich.

Congratulations to Dick De Bartolo and Angelo Torres. "Miracle Center" was a real cut-up.

Tom Signaigo
Altadena, Calif.

MAD MINI-POSTERS

I greatly enjoy your MAD Mini-Posters in your Special editions. They cleverly convey the situation of the human race and the Earth. Perhaps in the future you will publish a MAD Special consisting entirely of MAD Mini-Posters?

Mike Matie
Gannon College
Erie, Pa.

CHICLE-HEAD

I recently purchased your June issue of MAD, along with two pieces of gum. I truly enjoyed the gum!

Dave Mosher,
Phoenix, N.Y.

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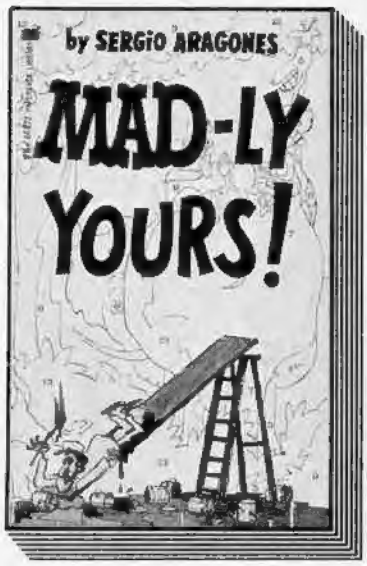

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DIRT

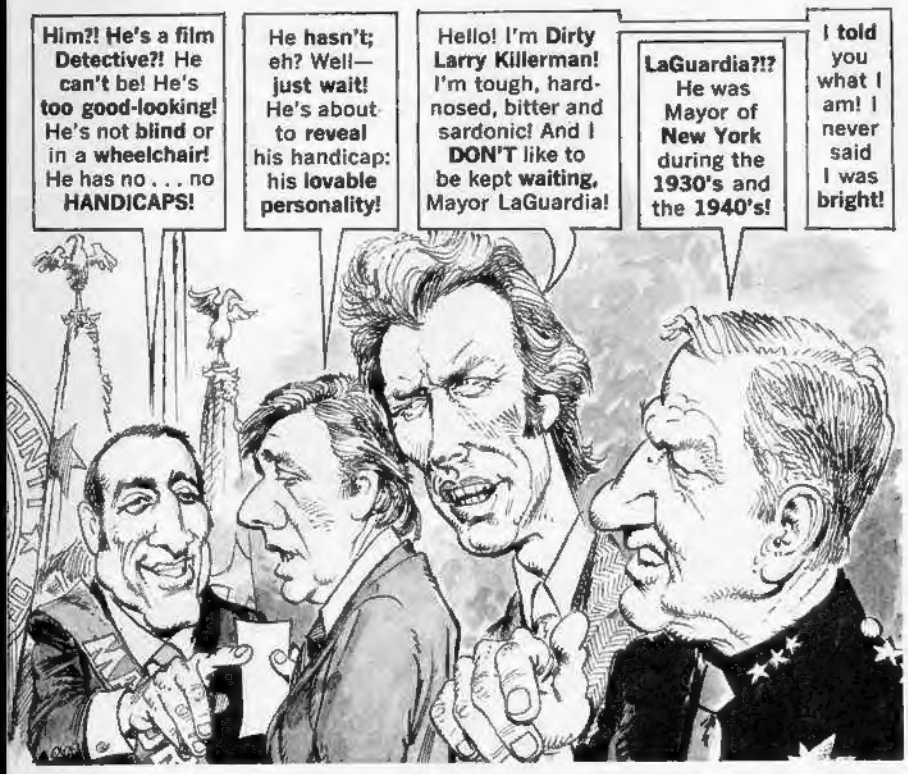
THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW DEPT.

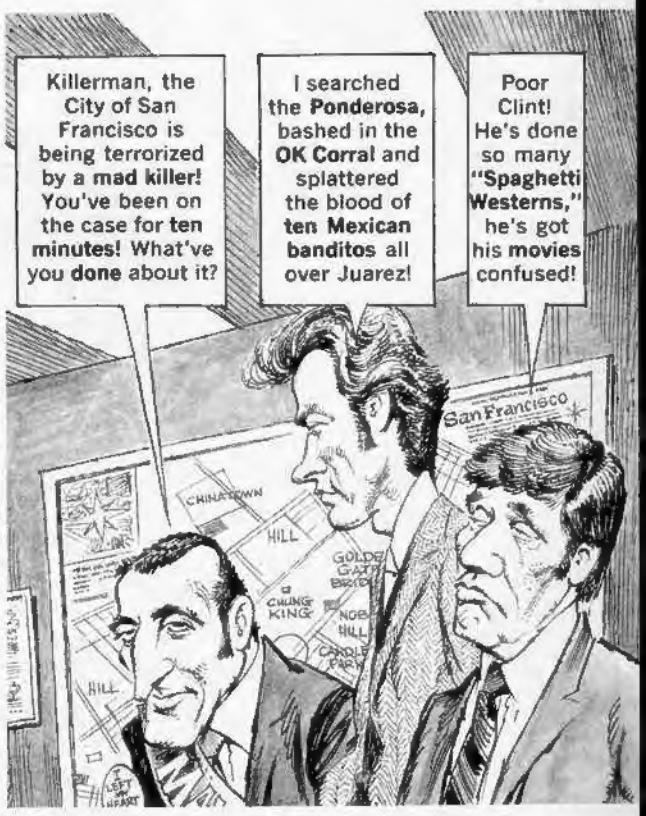
Say! What ever happened to those "nice" movie detectives of years ago? Remember? They were all pleasant, good-natured guys with no hang-ups. *Charlie Chan,* the *Thin Man* . . . even the *Shadow* enjoyed a healthy laugh once in a while. But look what's happening today. Every new movie detective that comes along appears to have a problem. You know who we're talking about. Detectives like moody, semi-bewildered Steve McQueen in "Bullet" . . . bigoted, neurotic Gene Hackman in "The French Connection" . . . and now **this** guy: a taciturn, trigger-happy, morose, sadistic, psychotic farblungit known as—what else?—

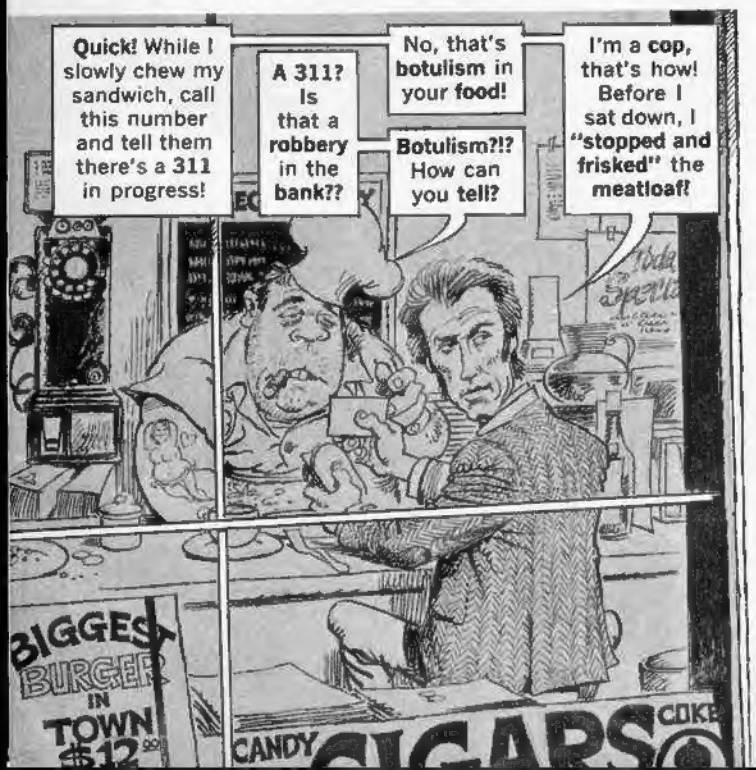
Y LARRY

ARTIST:
MORT DRUCKER

WRITER:
ARNIE KOGEN







What fantastic shooting! What a Champion of Law and Order!

If only he wore a black mask and rode a white horse! But, no . . . it couldn't be! He doesn't have The Lone Ranger's sense of humor!

What a brilliant one-man exhibition! Not only has he foiled a bank robbery, but he's opened up the hydrants so that all the underprivileged kids can cool off this Summer!

PLAY MISTY FOR ME

I know what you're thinking, Punk! You're thinking, "Did he fire six shots . . . or five?" Well, being that this is a 45-Zelman, the most powerful hand weapon in the world, you've got to ask yourself the question, "Do I feel LUCKY?"

BANK

Mister, I'm just a deprived kid from the ghetto who's currently bleeding to death! Must you add "boring riddles" to all my other problems?! Let me die in dignity . . . without the clichés, huh?!?

Hah-hah, Punk! I fooled you! It was empty!

And I fooled YOU, Mister! I'm just an innocent bystander who came here to make a deposit!

CLICK!

Larry, this is Gonza Zales, your new partner! He's a graduate of the Famous Hollywood Detectives School where he majored in "Steve McQueen Mumbling", minored in "Jack Webb Monotone" and failed "Tony Curtis Speech"!

That's ALL I need . . . somebody with more personality than me!

He's also a reject from 83 "Ironside" shows! He's desperate, so give him a break!

But I'm a Loner, I tell you! I don't need a partner! And especially him! He's a creep and a meathead and a screw-up!

C'mon, Dirty Larry! Don't beat around the bush! Do you want me as your partner or don't you?

WANTED

Look! There's our killer now! He's about to shoot a Negro Homosexual in the park!

Quick! Let's grab him! We gotta rid the streets of his kind of slime and filth!

Wait! You're going the wrong way! The killer's in THAT direction!

What killer?!? I'M talking about the Homosexual!

Why do they call you "Dirty"? Because you hate everybody?

No!

Because you're to the right of Archie Bunker . . . politically?

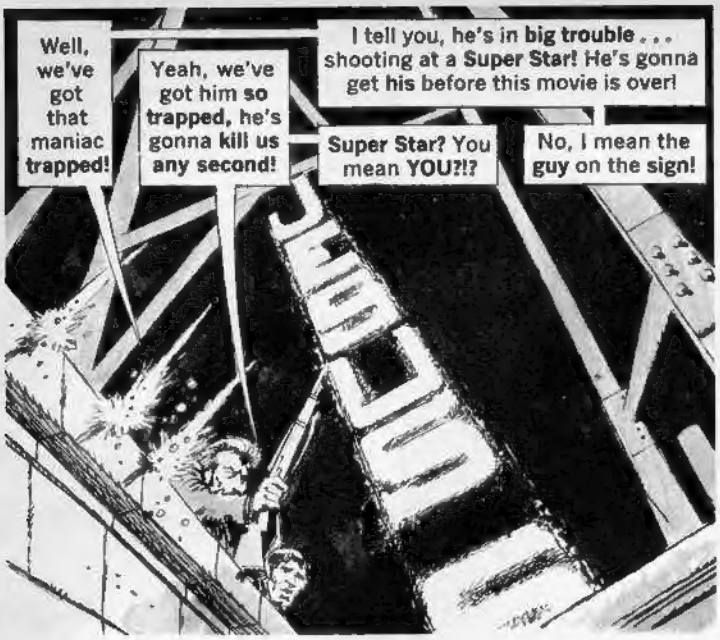
No!

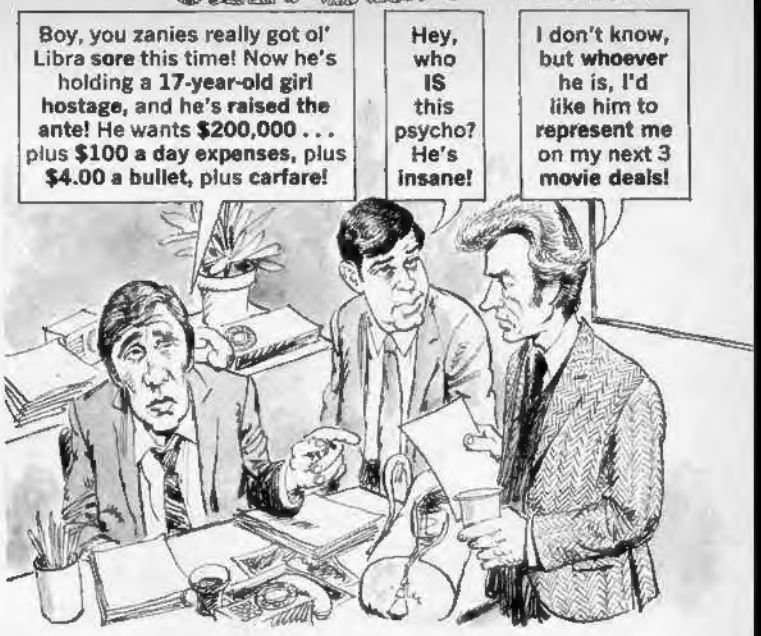
Because you've got a pin-up of Adolf Hitler in your locker?

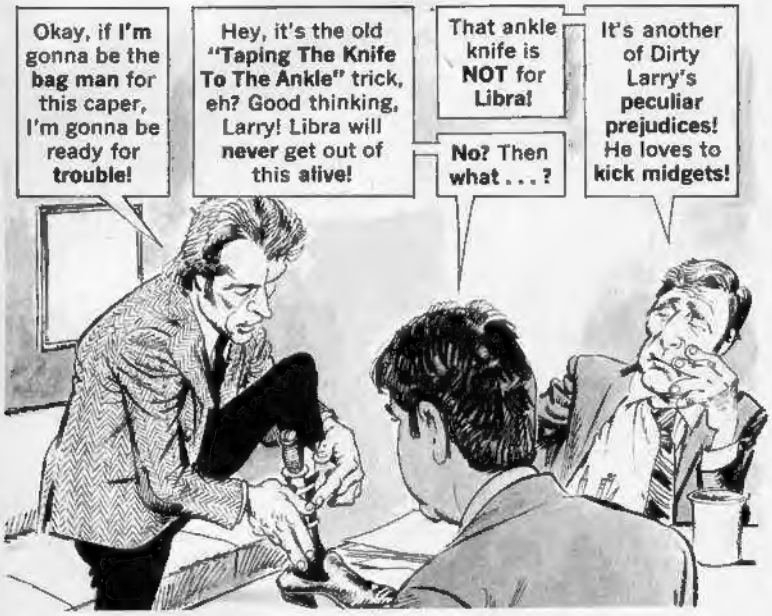
No!

. . . Because you like to peep in on innocent people making love, thereby violating their Constitutional freedoms?

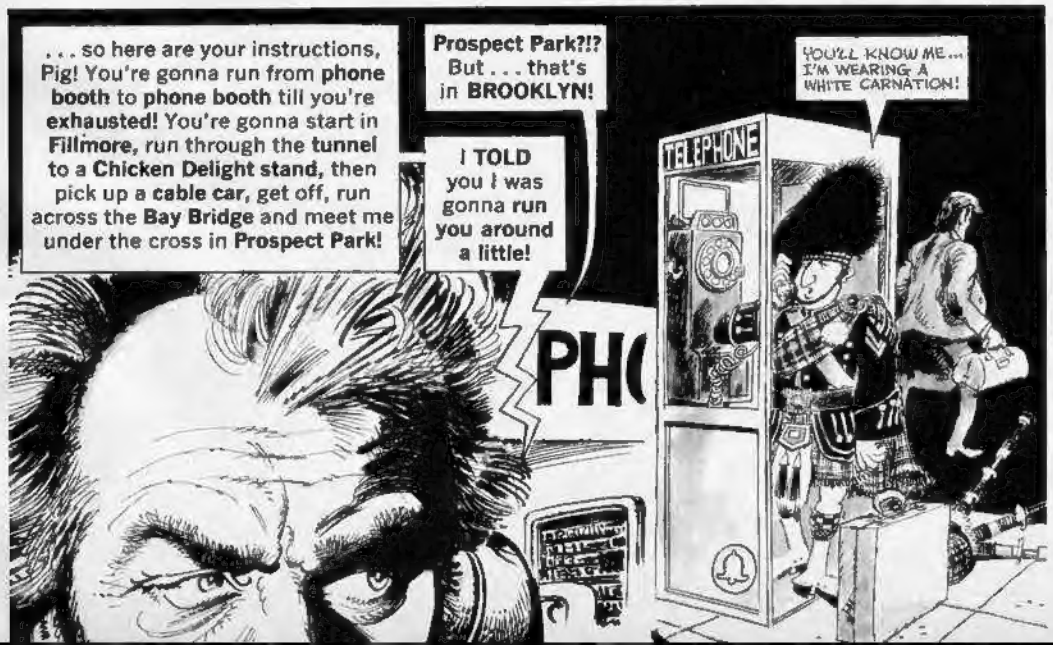
Say, you DID go to Detective School . . . DIDN'T you?!?

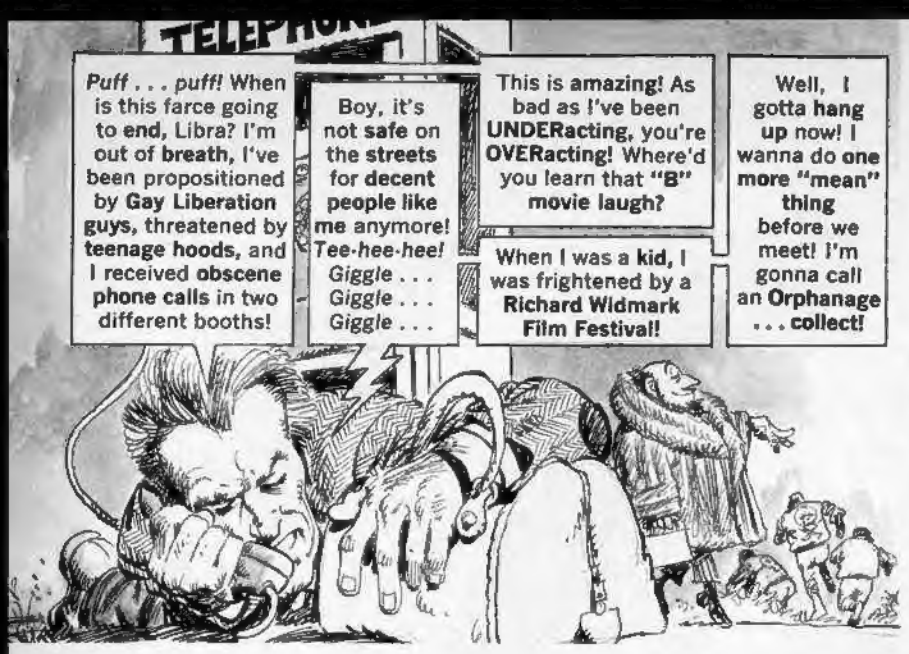

Well, we've got that maniac trapped!
Yeah, we've got him so trapped, he's gonna kill us any second!
I tell you, he's in big trouble . . . shooting at a Super Star! He's gonna get his before this movie is over!
Super Star? You mean YOU?!?
No, I mean the guy on the sign!

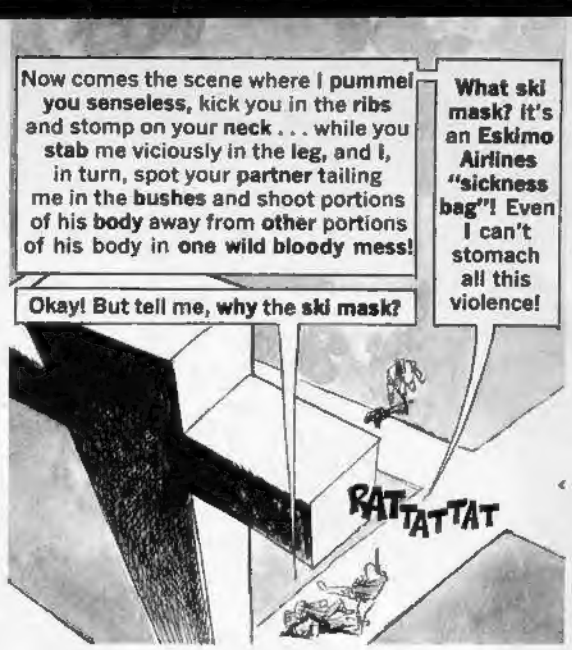

Boy, you zanies really got ol' Libra sore this time! Now he's holding a 17-year-old girl hostage, and he's raised the ante! He wants $200,000 . . . plus $100 a day expenses, plus $4.00 a bullet, plus carfare!
Hey, who IS this psycho? He's insane!
I don't know, but whoever he is, I'd like him to represent me on my next 3 movie deals!

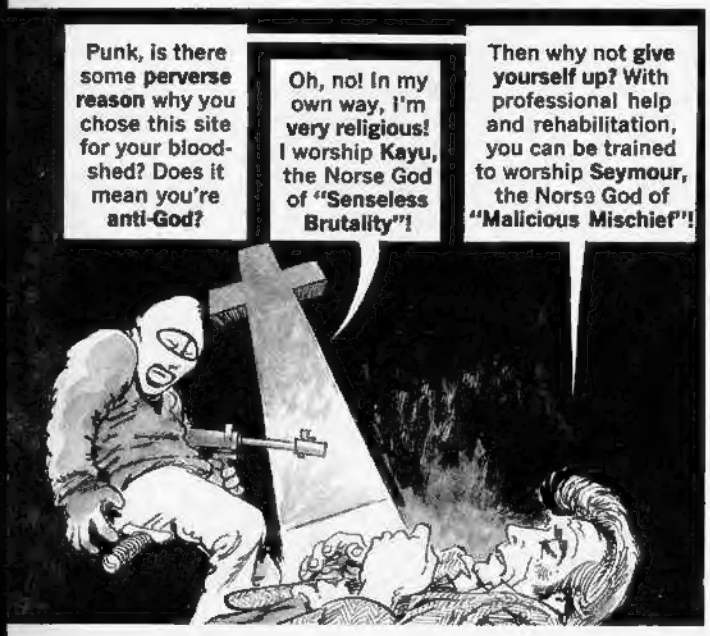

Okay, if I'm gonna be the bag man for this caper, I'm gonna be ready for trouble!
Hey, it's the old "Taping The Knife To The Ankle" trick, eh? Good thinking, Larry! Libra will never get out of this alive!
That ankle knife is NOT for Libra!
No? Then what . . . ?
It's another of Dirty Larry's peculiar prejudices! He loves to kick midgets!

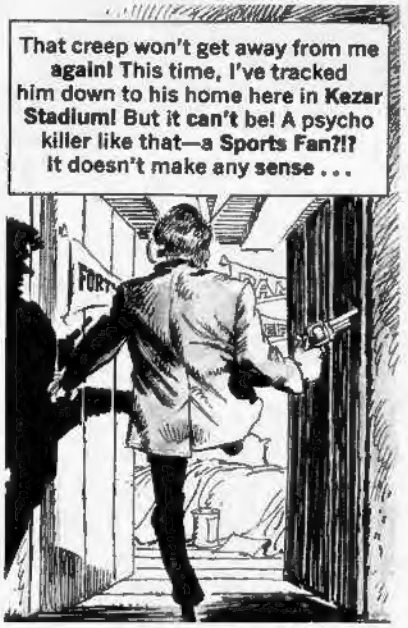
This is Libra! Do you have the yellow bag with the $205,000 in it?
$205,000?!? But you said $200,000!
That was during Phase I! Nixon's economic plans are screwing us all up! Tee-hee! Giggle . . . giggle . . . giggle!
Now, listen, Pig! To make sure you're not followed, I'm gonna run you around a little . . .
PHONE


. . . so here are your instructions, Pig! You're gonna run from phone booth to phone booth till you're exhausted! You're gonna start in Fillmore, run through the tunnel to a Chicken Delight stand, then pick up a cable car, get off, run across the Bay Bridge and meet me under the cross in Prospect Park!
Prospect Park?!? But . . . that's in BROOKLYN!
I TOLD you I was gonna run you around a little!
PHO
TELEPHONE
YOU'LL KNOW ME... I'M WEARING A WHITE CARNATION!

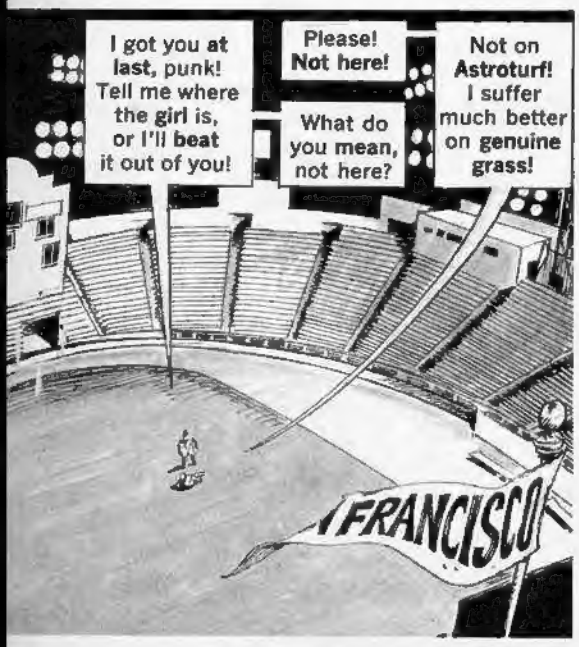

TELEPHONE
Puff . . . puff! When is this farce going to end, Libra? I'm out of breath, I've been propositioned by Gay Liberation guys, threatened by teenage hoods, and I received obscene phone calls in two different booths!
Boy, it's not safe on the streets for decent people like me anymore! Tee-hee-hee! Giggle . . . Giggle . . . Giggle . . .
This is amazing! As bad as I've been UNDERacting, you're OVERacting! Where'd you learn that "B" movie laugh?
When I was a kid, I was frightened by a Richard Widmark Film Festival!
Well, I gotta hang up now! I wanna do one more "mean" thing before we meet! I'm gonna call an Orphanage . . . collect!

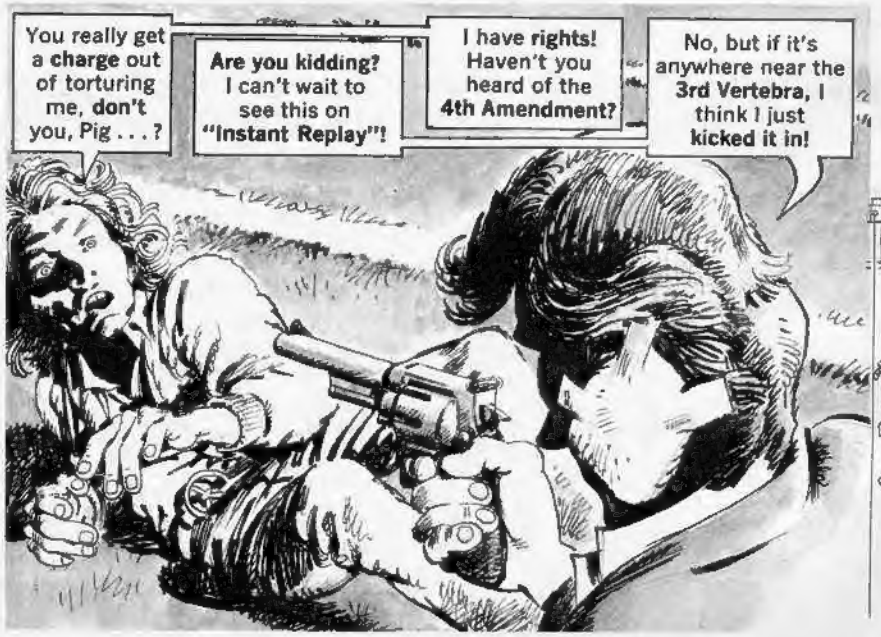

Now comes the scene where I pummel you senseless, kick you in the ribs and stomp on your neck . . . while you stab me viciously in the leg, and I, in turn, spot your partner tailing me in the bushes and shoot portions of his body away from other portions of his body in one wild bloody mess!
Okay! But tell me, why the ski mask?
What ski mask? It's an Eskimo Airlines "sickness bag"! Even I can't stomach all this violence!
RATTATTAT


Punk, is there some perverse reason why you chose this site for your bloodshed? Does it mean you're anti-God?
Oh, no! In my own way, I'm very religious! I worship Kayu, the Norse God of "Senseless Brutality"!
Then why not give yourself up? With professional help and rehabilitation, you can be trained to worship Seymour, the Norse God of "Malicious Mischief"!


That creep won't get away from me again! This time, I've tracked him down to his home here in Kezar Stadium! But it can't be! A psycho killer like that—a Sports Fan?!? It doesn't make any sense . . .

Oh-oh! This explains it! He eats the "Breakfast of Runners-Up"!
FAST
RS-UP


I got you at last, punk! Tell me where the girl is, or I'll beat it out of you!
Please! Not here!
What do you mean, not here?
Not on Astroturf! I suffer much better on genuine grass!
FRANCISCO


You really get a charge out of torturing me, don't you, Pig . . . ?
Are you kidding? I can't wait to see this on "Instant Replay"!
I have rights! Haven't you heard of the 4th Amendment?
No, but if it's anywhere near the 3rd Vertebra, I think I just kicked it in!

Mr. District Attorney . . . what do you mean, you're letting that killer go free?!?

That "alleged" killer!

But yesterday, they buried the victim's "alleged" body!

We have no case! You violated the suspect's rights when you broke into his home without a search warrant! Isn't that right, Judge Slapwrist?

In all my legal experience, Killerman, I've never seen anything like it! You clumsily violated the Constitution and the entire Bill of Rights!

Okay! So I made a few technical mistakes! Does that mean you're gonna let a killer roam the streets?

We are forced to, Mr. Killerman! Remember—it's Laws like that which make America great!

Well, me and the audience just decided we like the Laws that made Nazi Germany great!

Do you have anything further to say, Lieut. Killerman?

Yes! Before I kick the two of you in the groin, I would like to warn you of your rights!

I know you've been trailing me, Pig! I know you've been following me around town! You came in here to stare at me, didn't you?

Take a good look around, Creep! Boy, not only are you violent . . . you're also stupid!

TOTALLY NUDE COLLEGE COEDS

GIANT GIRLS

NO COVER

Here's $200! Beat me up!

Man, that's freaky! Why would anyone want to do that?

It's not my idea! It's the Producers'! They figure the movie hasn't had any violence for the past seven seconds!

Why spend $200? I have some "Bargain Specials"!

Bargain Specials? F'rinstance?

Well, for $169.50, I slap you silly with open fists! For $99, I twist your nose like "The 3 Stooges!" And for only $24.95, I have an Interior Decorator come and "tweak" you to death!

Naw, I like this! Just throw in a karate chop to the gut and I'll leave you a nice tip!

What publicity he's maneuvered for himself! He's on TV . . . claiming that you beat him up!

Anyone can get on "The 6 O'Clock News"!

What "News"? He's this week's Guest Host on the "Johnny Carson Show"!

So Gonza Zales is quitting the force! Well, I'm gonna miss him! He was a good partner! His poker face . . . his total lack of expression . . . his monotone!

If that's what he was like, why are you going to miss him!?

Because he was the "lively one" of the team!

That Libra has struck again! He's kidnapped a school bus full of kids! And this time he wants $300,000!!

What's the extra $100,000 for?

For stationery to write more ransom notes! He claim's he's running short!

Go get him, Killerman, but take it easy! I gave him my word he wouldn't be molested! You must capture him without hurting him! Do you think you can do that?

Forget it! That's like kissing a girl through the mail!

Sing, everybody! Sing! Sing, I tell you! SING, OR I'LL BLOW ALL YOUR BRAINS OUT!

What should w-we s-sing?

How about my favorite, "Oh, I Think I'm Goin' Out Of My Head"?

I'm taking my life in my hands and I'm jumping on this bus because I want this scene to end as quickly as possible!

Why . . . ? Because it's so totally unreal?

Not at all! It's just that I'm absolutely opposed to "Bussing"!

SCHOOL BUS

EXIT

This is the end of the line, Creep! You've killed three people, mugged a store keeper, terrorized a school bus and disturbed the peace in a cement factory! You really love to break the law, don't you?

Enough talk! I'm going to shoot you from an impossible angle and miss your ear by two inches!

Isn't that a little "off" for you?

No, it's going to hit you right between the eyes!!

That's right, Pig! But so do you!!

Well . . . I won't need THIS any more . . .

Besides, after what I just did, they'll never let me back in, anyway . . .

I should have known from the beginning that I couldn't cut it!

I guess maybe I just don't understand the subtleties of a very demanding profession!

Screen Actors Guild

Clint Eastwood

CLINT EASTWOOD

CA43562

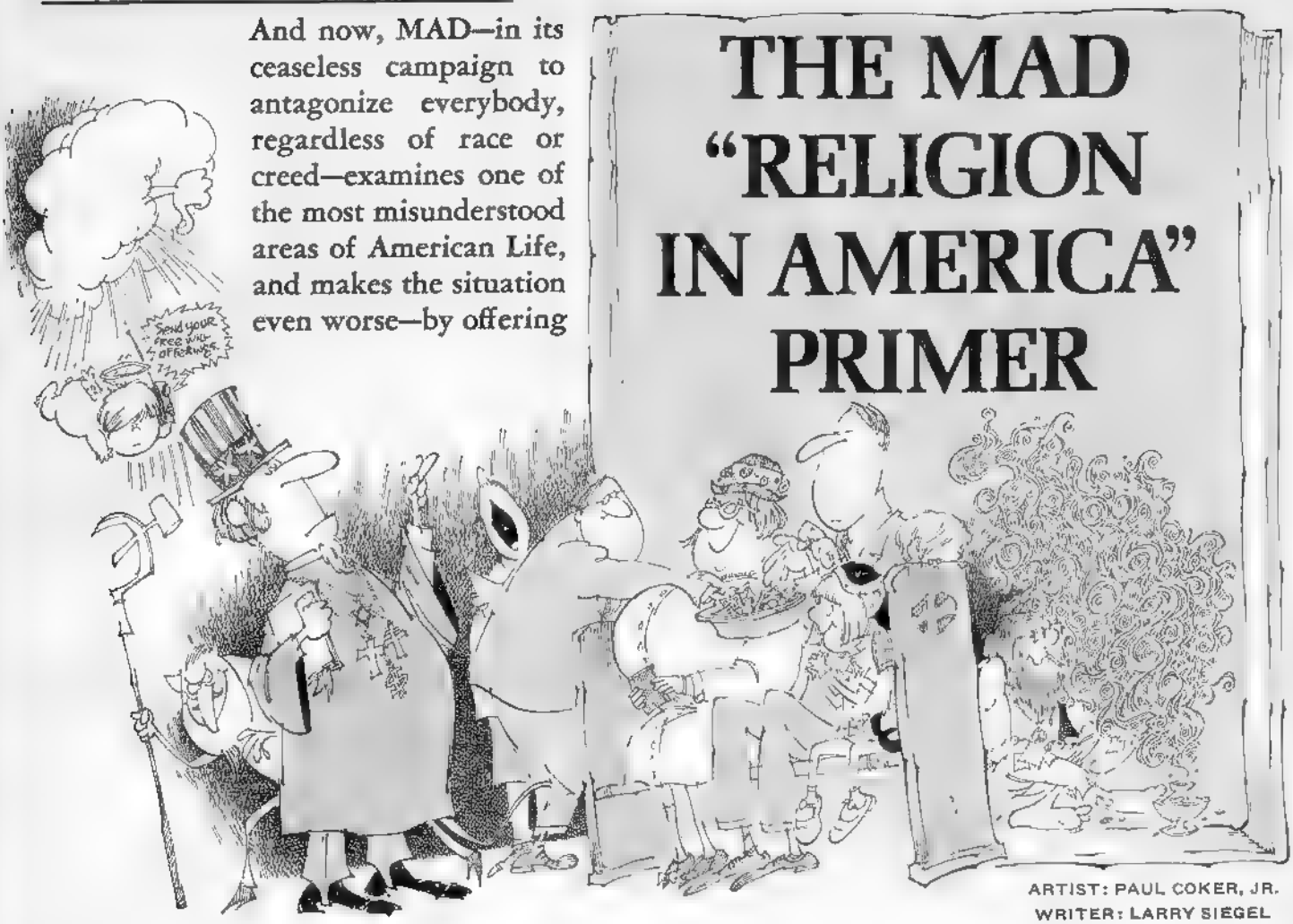
007-07-7445

John Dolan

A BLESSING ON ALL YOUR HOUSES DEPT.

And now, MAD—in its ceaseless campaign to antagonize everybody, regardless of race or creed—examines one of the most misunderstood areas of American Life, and makes the situation even worse—by offering

THE MAD "RELIGION IN AMERICA" PRIMER



ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.
WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Chapter 1

INTRODUCTION

There are three main religious groups in America.
They are called Catholics, Protestants, and Jews.
How are these three groups alike?
They all worship God.
How are they different?
The Catholics and Protestants believe in a Savior.
His name is Jesus Christ.

The Jews do not believe that Christ is their Savior.
Who *do* they believe He is?
They believe He is a nice Jewish boy
Who went into his Father's business.
So much for our first lesson in religion.
Now you know why religion has been running for over 2000 years.
You also know why the Jews have been running for over 2000 years!

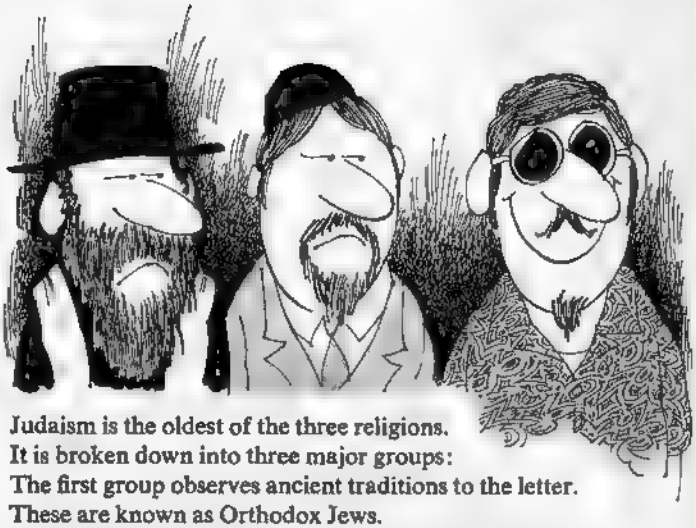
Chapter 2

AN HISTORICAL NOTE

Many worshipers came to America
At the turn of the century.
Where did the Catholics come from?
Many came from Ireland
Where the English were beating up on the Irish.
Where did the Jews come from?
Many came from Europe
Where the Germans and Russians were beating up on the Jews.
Where did the Protestants come from?
They were always here.
Beating up on the Indians!

Chapter 3

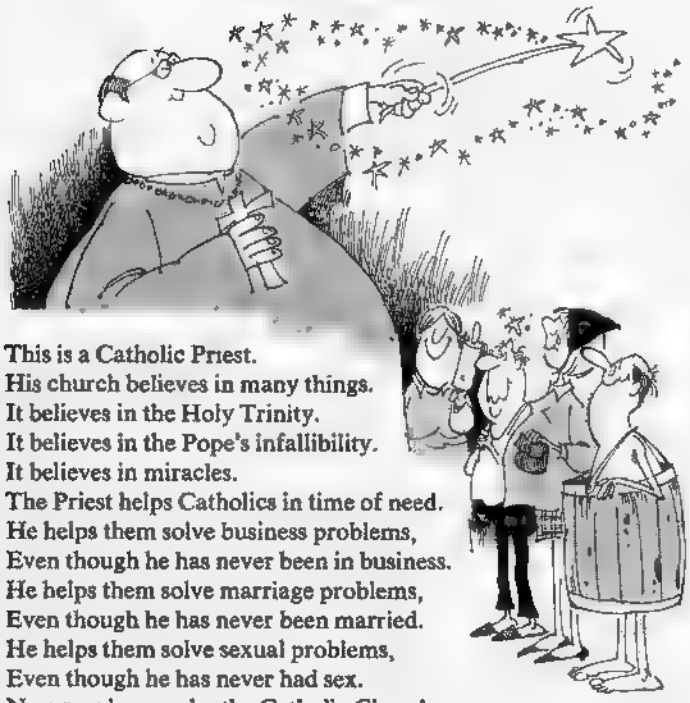
JUDAISM



Judaism is the oldest of the three religions.
It is broken down into three major groups:
The first group observes ancient traditions to the letter.
These are known as Orthodox Jews.
The second group believes in combining ancient traditions
With modern conditions.
These are known as Conservative Jews.
The third group hardly observes any traditions at all.
These are known as Reform Jews.
To the other two groups,
Reform Jews have another name.
They are known as "Christians"!

Chapter 6

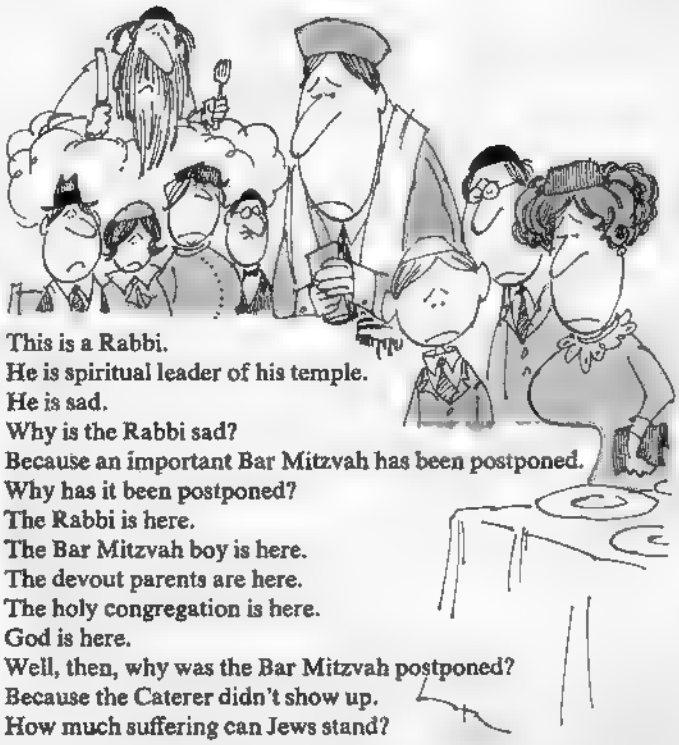
THE PRIEST



This is a Catholic Priest.
His church believes in many things.
It believes in the Holy Trinity.
It believes in the Pope's infallibility.
It believes in miracles.
The Priest helps Catholics in time of need.
He helps them solve business problems,
Even though he has never been in business.
He helps them solve marriage problems,
Even though he has never been married.
He helps them solve sexual problems,
Even though he has never had sex.
Now you know why the Catholic Church
Believes in miracles!

Chapter 7

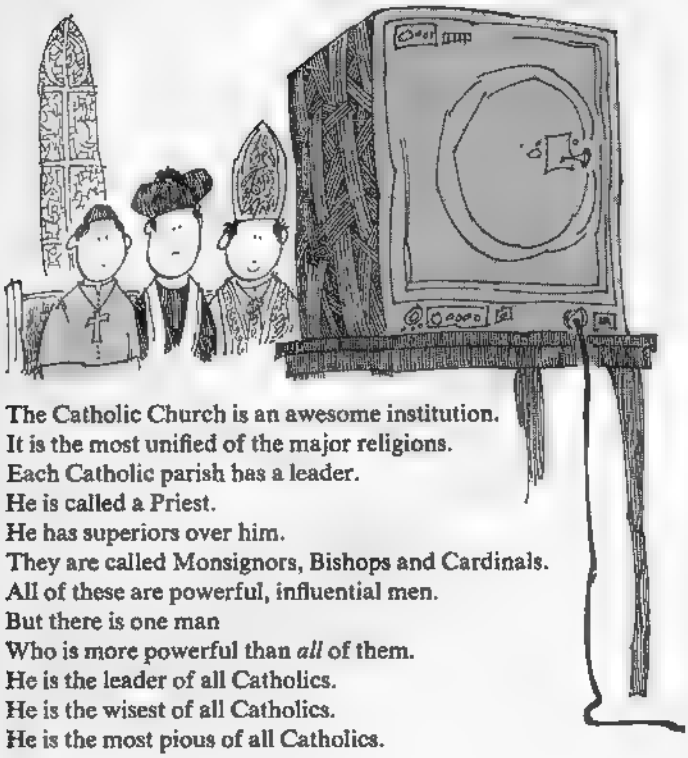
THE RABBI



This is a Rabbi.
He is spiritual leader of his temple.
He is sad.
Why is the Rabbi sad?
Because an important Bar Mitzvah has been postponed.
Why has it been postponed?
The Rabbi is here.
The Bar Mitzvah boy is here.
The devout parents are here.
The holy congregation is here.
God is here.
Well, then, why was the Bar Mitzvah postponed?
Because the Caterer didn't show up.
How much suffering can Jews stand?

Chapter 4

CATHOLICISM



The Catholic Church is an awesome institution.
It is the most unified of the major religions.
Each Catholic parish has a leader.
He is called a Priest.
He has superiors over him.
They are called Monsignors, Bishops and Cardinals.
All of these are powerful, influential men.
But there is one man
Who is more powerful than *all* of them.
He is the leader of all Catholics.
He is the wisest of all Catholics.
He is the most pious of all Catholics.
He is called Danny Thomas!

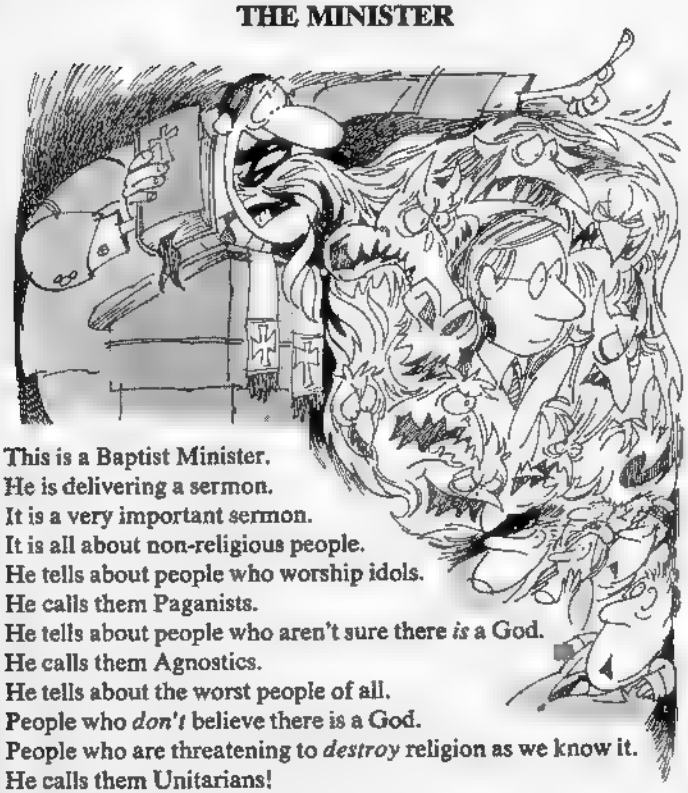
Chapter 5

PROTESTANTISM

The Protestant Church is the largest church in America.
It consists of many, many denominations.
They all have one important thing in common.
They all eat white bread and mayonnaise.
Here are some of the denominations:
Methodists, Presbyterians,
Baptists, Lutherans, and Quakers.
The Quakers are an interesting denomination.
They believe in honesty.
They do not believe in squandering money.
They do not believe in waging war.
There are 126,000 practicing Quakers in this country.
President Nixon says he is a practicing Quaker.
Make that 125,999!

Chapter 8

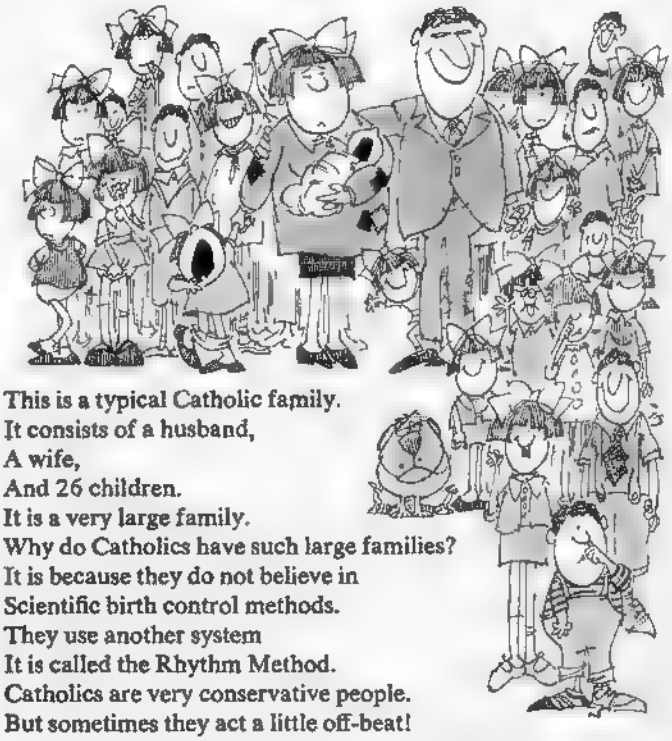
THE MINISTER



This is a Baptist Minister.
He is delivering a sermon.
It is a very important sermon.
It is all about non-religious people.
He tells about people who worship idols.
He calls them Paganists.
He tells about people who aren't sure there *is* a God.
He calls them Agnostics.
He tells about the worst people of all.
People who *don't* believe there is a God.
People who are threatening to *destroy* religion as we know it.
He calls them Unitarians!

Chapter 9

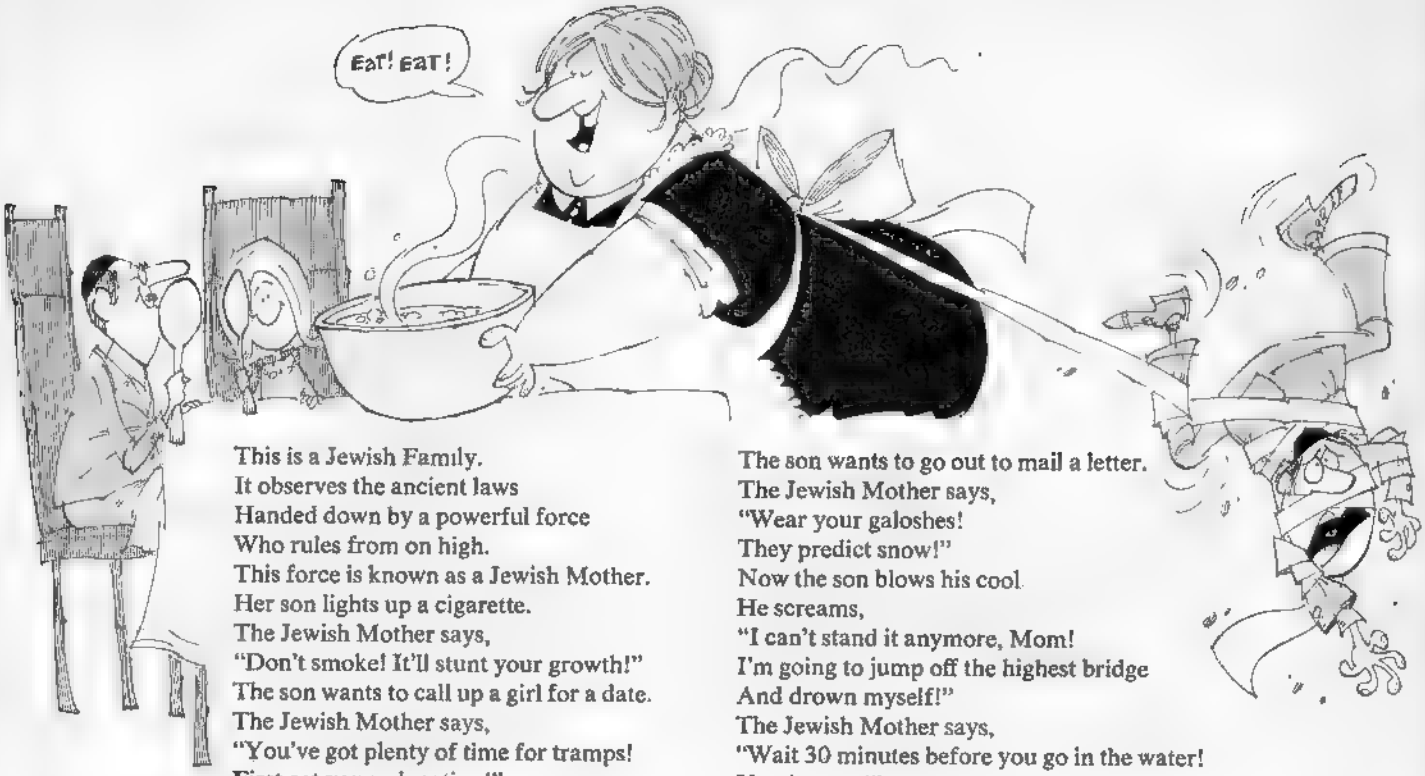
THE CATHOLIC FAMILY



This is a typical Catholic family.
It consists of a husband,
A wife,
And 26 children.
It is a very large family.
Why do Catholics have such large families?
It is because they do not believe in
Scientific birth control methods.
They use another system
It is called the Rhythm Method.
Catholics are very conservative people.
But sometimes they act a little off-beat!

Chapter 10

THE JEWISH FAMILY

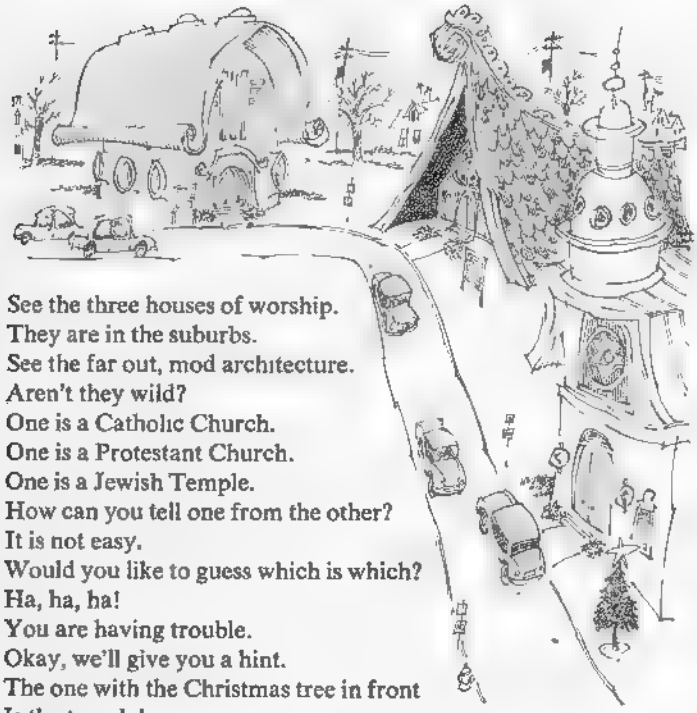


This is a Jewish Family.
It observes the ancient laws
Handed down by a powerful force
Who rules from on high.
This force is known as a Jewish Mother.
Her son lights up a cigarette.
The Jewish Mother says,
"Don't smoke! It'll stunt your growth!"
The son wants to call up a girl for a date.
The Jewish Mother says,
"You've got plenty of time for tramps!
First get your education!"

The son wants to go out to mail a letter.
The Jewish Mother says,
"Wear your galoshes!
They predict snow!"
Now the son blows his cool.
He screams,
"I can't stand it anymore, Mom!
I'm going to jump off the highest bridge
And drown myself!"
The Jewish Mother says,
"Wait 30 minutes before you go in the water!
You just ate!"

Chapter 13

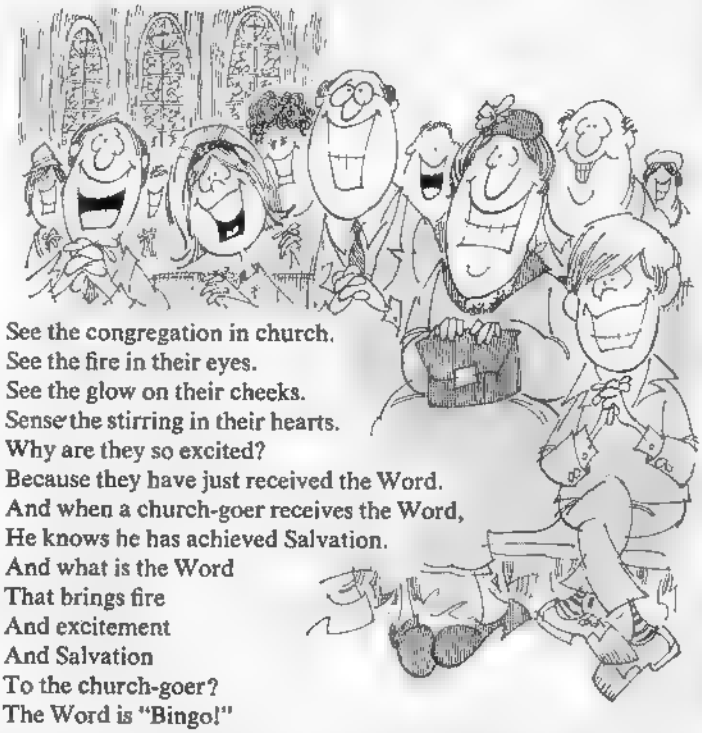
RELIGION IN THE SUBURBS



See the three houses of worship.
They are in the suburbs.
See the far out, mod architecture.
Aren't they wild?
One is a Catholic Church.
One is a Protestant Church.
One is a Jewish Temple.
How can you tell one from the other?
It is not easy.
Would you like to guess which is which?
Ha, ha, ha!
You are having trouble.
Okay, we'll give you a hint.
The one with the Christmas tree in front
Is the temple!

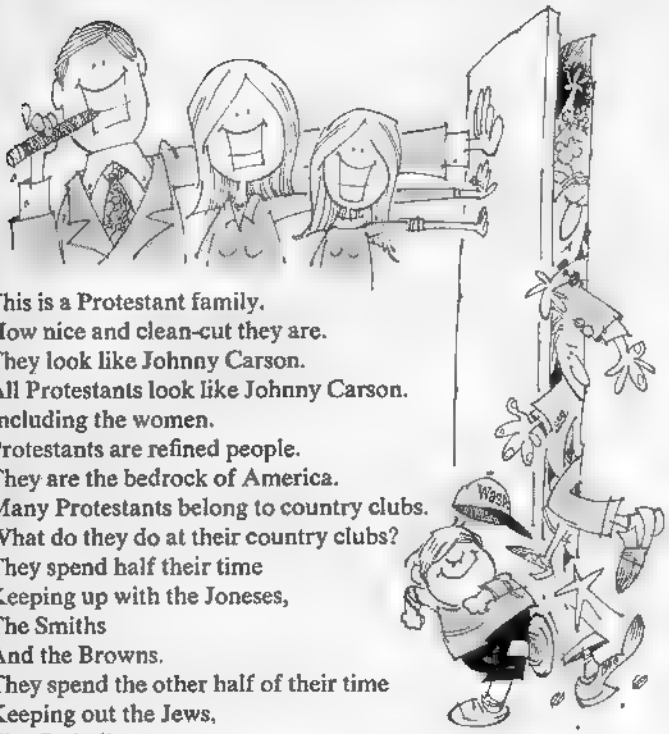
Chapter 14

THE RELIGIOUS WORD



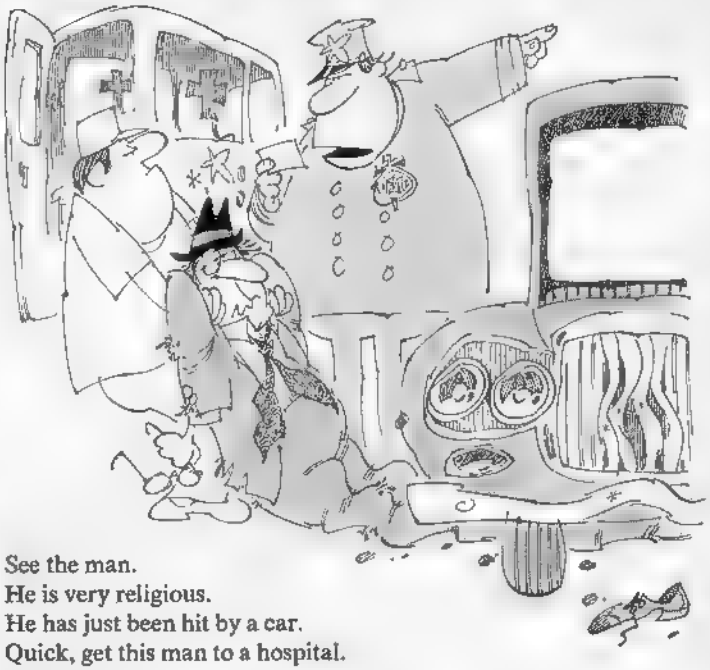
See the congregation in church.
See the fire in their eyes.
See the glow on their cheeks.
Sense the stirring in their hearts.
Why are they so excited?
Because they have just received the Word.
And when a church-goer receives the Word,
He knows he has achieved Salvation.
And what is the Word
That brings fire
And excitement
And Salvation
To the church-goer?
The Word is "Bingo!"

Chapter 11
THE PROTESTANT FAMILY



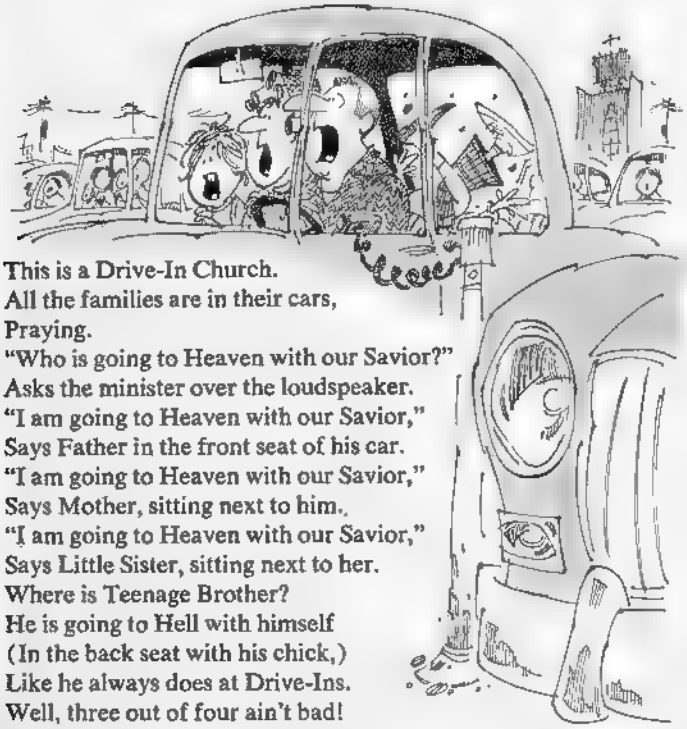
This is a Protestant family.
How nice and clean-cut they are.
They look like Johnny Carson.
All Protestants look like Johnny Carson.
Including the women.
Protestants are refined people.
They are the bedrock of America.
Many Protestants belong to country clubs.
What do they do at their country clubs?
They spend half their time
Keeping up with the Joneses,
The Smiths
And the Browns.
They spend the other half of their time
Keeping out the Jews,
The Catholics
And the Blacks!

Chapter 12
RELIGION IN THE CITY



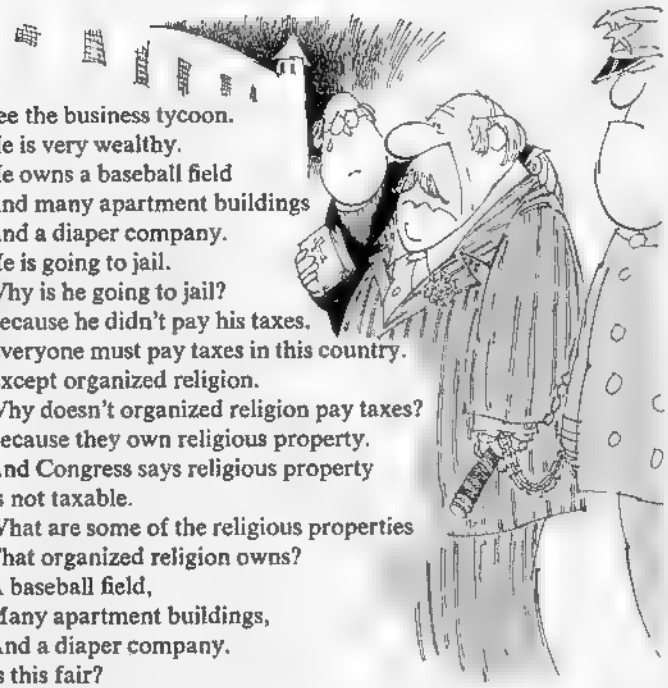
See the man.
He is very religious.
He has just been hit by a car.
Quick, get this man to a hospital.
Wait a minute!
We have just found out something.
He is a Christian Scientist.
Quick, get this man to a reading room!

Chapter 15
THE DRIVE-IN CHURCH



This is a Drive-In Church.
All the families are in their cars,
Praying.
"Who is going to Heaven with our Savior?"
Asks the minister over the loudspeaker.
"I am going to Heaven with our Savior,"
Says Father in the front seat of his car.
"I am going to Heaven with our Savior,"
Says Mother, sitting next to him.
"I am going to Heaven with our Savior,"
Says Little Sister, sitting next to her.
Where is Teenage Brother?
He is going to Hell with himself
(In the back seat with his chick,)
Like he always does at Drive-Ins.
Well, three out of four ain't bad!

Chapter 16
RELIGION AND THE LAW



See the business tycoon.
He is very wealthy.
He owns a baseball field
And many apartment buildings
And a diaper company.
He is going to jail.
Why is he going to jail?
Because he didn't pay his taxes.
Everyone must pay taxes in this country.
Except organized religion.
Why doesn't organized religion pay taxes?
Because they own religious property.
And Congress says religious property
Is not taxable.
What are some of the religious properties
That organized religion owns?
A baseball field,
Many apartment buildings,
And a diaper company.
Is this fair?
God only knows!

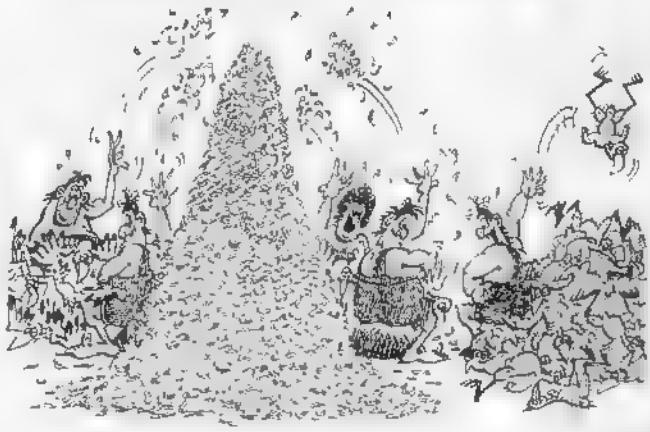
DON MARTIN LO

PART I — FEAST TIME FOR CAVEMAN COMMUNITY

Feast Time occurred only once a year when the wild Skrakit Bird migrated across the land. Then, the Cavemen and boys would hunt the birds for a whole day . . .

When they returned the following morning laden with birds, the women would be ready with pots of boiling water for plucking . . .

The plucking took most of the second day, and excitement over the upcoming feast ran high . . .



And by nightfall, the big feast would begin.

OKS AT CAVEMEN

PART II — THE HUNGRY CAVE FAMILY AT SUNDAY DINNER

PART III — THE DEVELOPMENT OF PRIMITIVE MUSIC

The first "instrument" was a big rock beaten rhythmically against the ground.

Next, a stout stick beaten against the ground was tried and accepted.

Hitting two small rocks together was the next innovation to be tried . . .

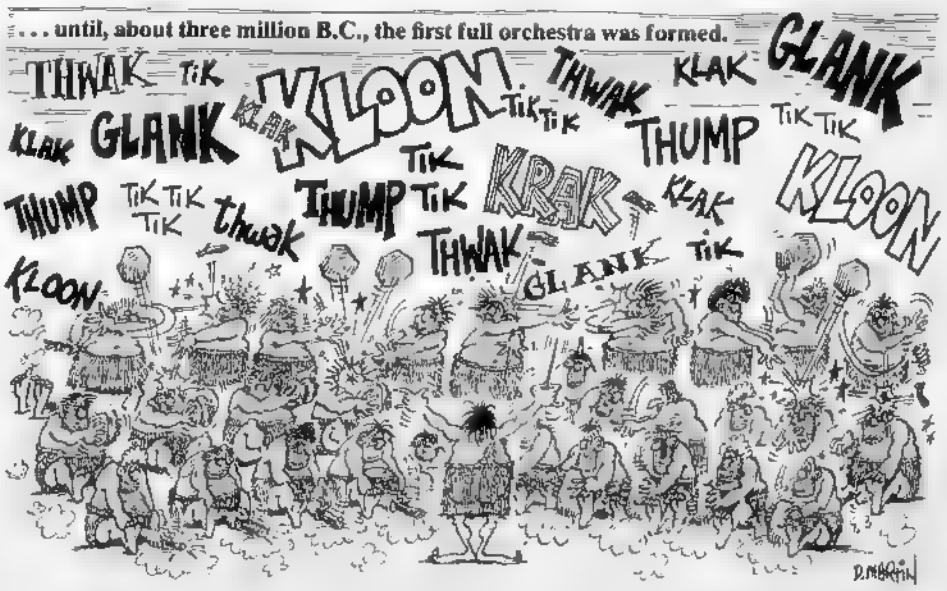
. . . which was followed by hitting a stout stick against a small rock . . .

The next logical progression was a large rock against a stout stick . . .

. . . which led to stick against head . . .

. . . which led to rock against head . . .

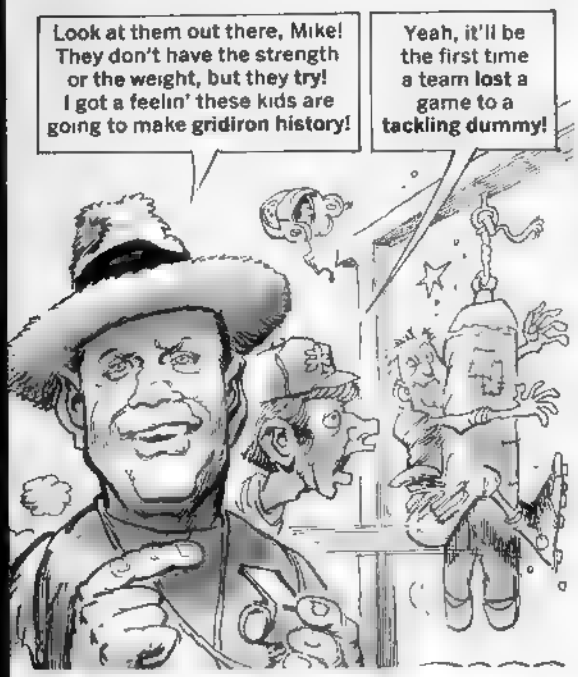
. . . until, about three million B.C., the first full orchestra was formed.

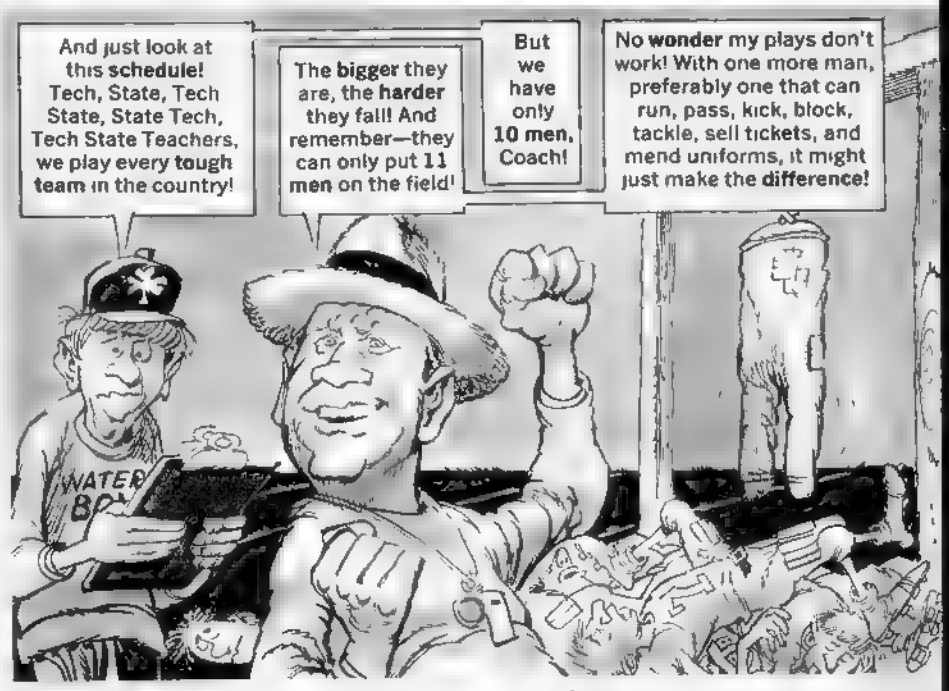


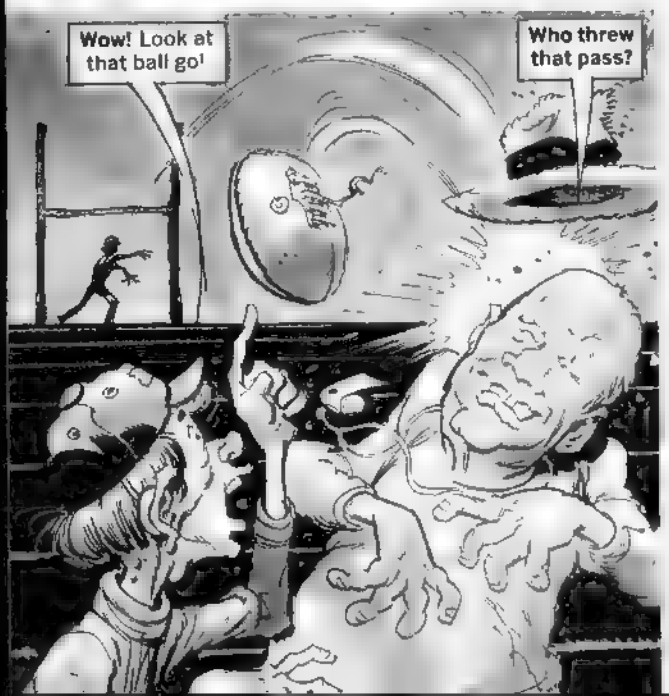
Needless to say, with the passing of the crew-cut, clean-living, All-American boy from the college scene, the sports movies about them passed also. Before we show you a sports movie about the new breed of athlete, let us jog down memory lane in a nostalgic look at MAD's

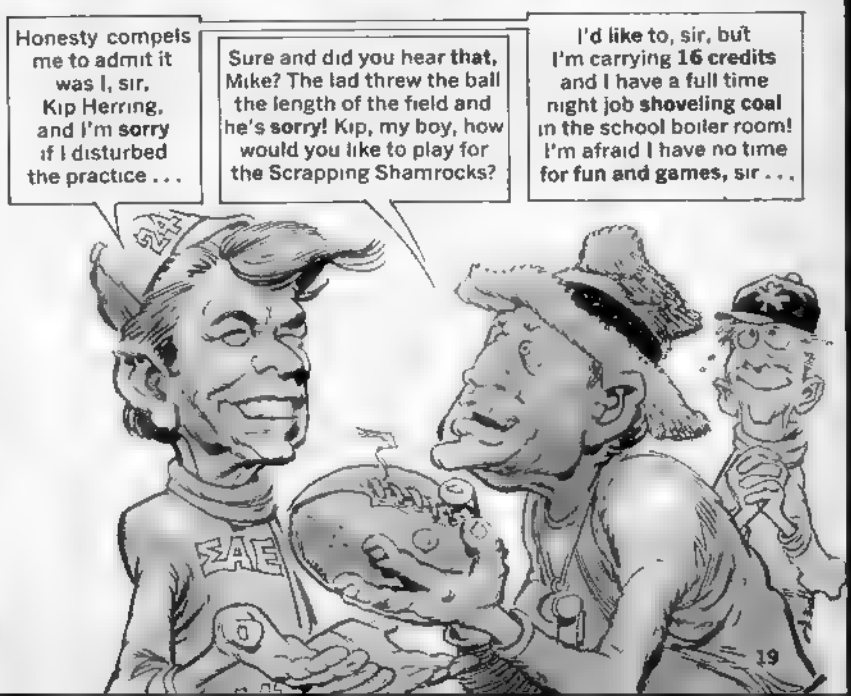
TYPICAL SPORTS MOVIE OF THE PAST

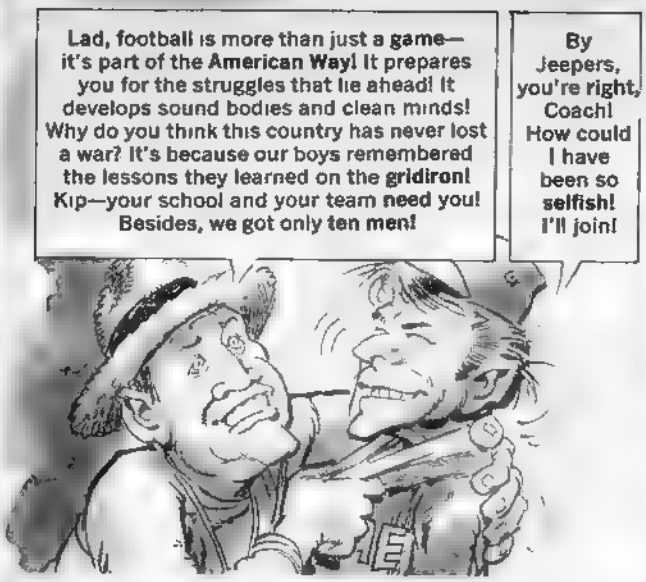
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

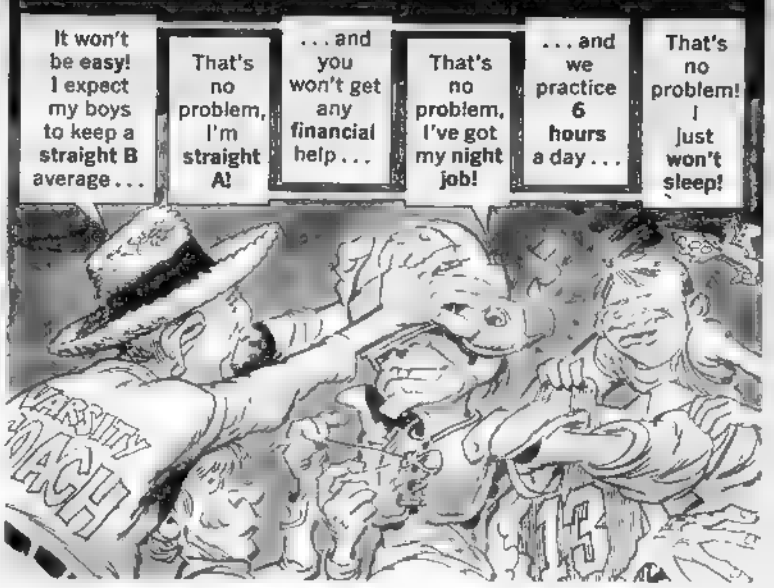




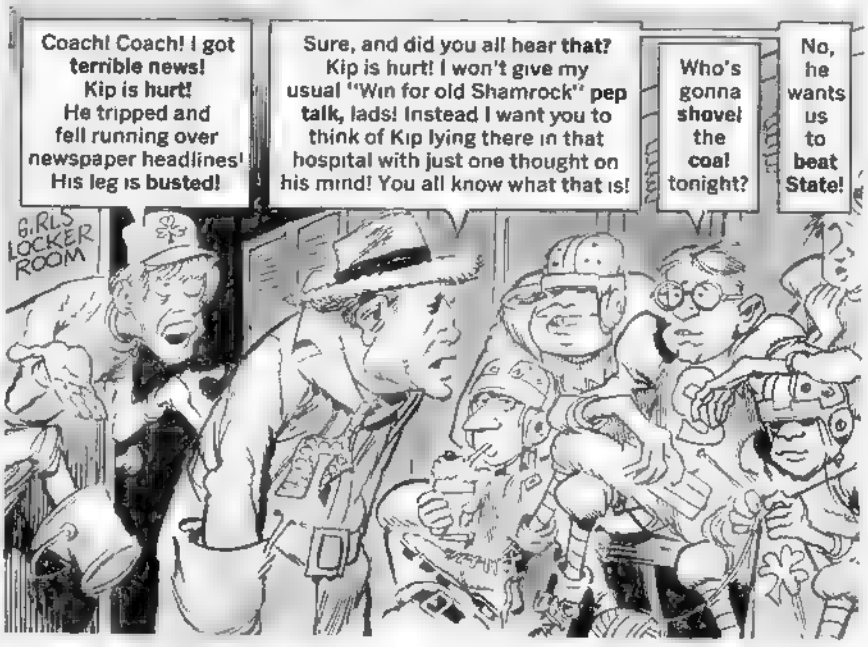





Lad, football is more than just a game—it's part of the American Way! It prepares you for the struggles that lie ahead! It develops sound bodies and clean minds! Why do you think this country has never lost a war? It's because our boys remembered the lessons they learned on the gridiron! Kip—your school and your team need you! Besides, we got only ten men!
By Jeepers, you're right, Coach! How could I have been so selfish! I'll join!

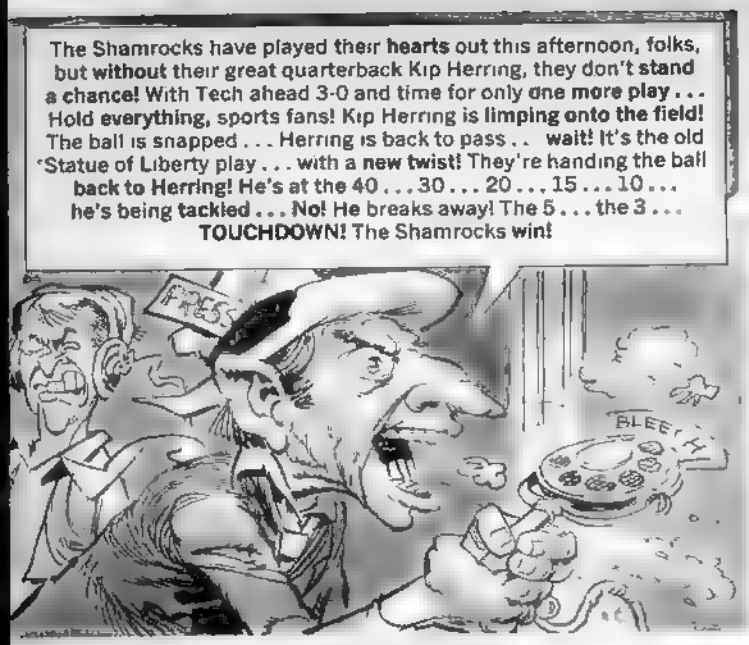

It won't be easy! I expect my boys to keep a straight B average . . .
That's no problem, I'm straight A!
. . . and you won't get any financial help . . .
That's no problem, I've got my night job!
. . . and we practice 6 hours a day . . .
That's no problem! I just won't sleep!

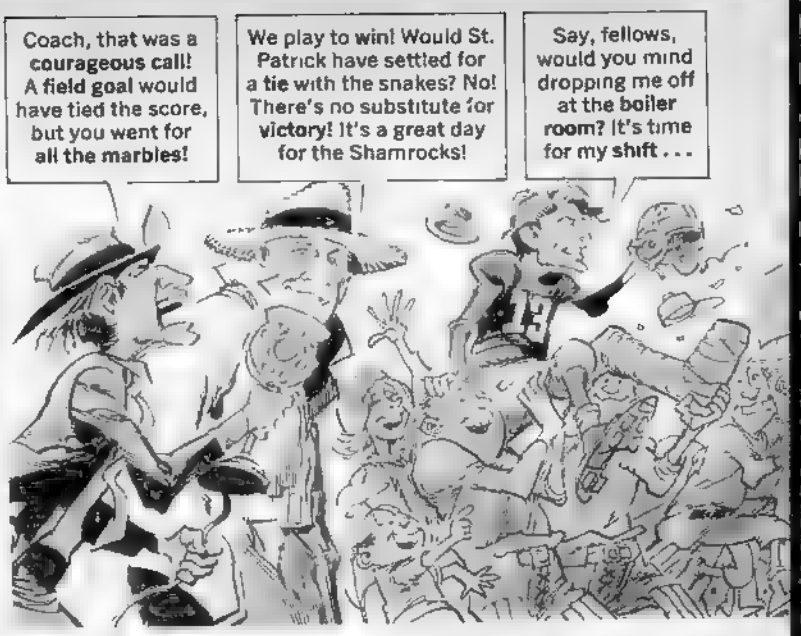
THE EVENING GLOBE
SHAMROCKS WIN OPENER 14-13
Rookie Scores Deciding Points
EVENING GLOBE
SHAMROCKS ROLL WITH HERRING AT HELM, BLAST BUFFALOES 35-6!
EVENING WORLD SUN
KIP RUNS WILD!
Shamrocks Shellac Seashells With A Scoring Spree, 52-0
TELEGRAPH STARS
SHAMROCKS TO MEET STATE FOR NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP
State Vows To "Cream" Herring In Final Game


Coach! Coach! I got terrible news! Kip is hurt! He tripped and fell running over newspaper headlines! His leg is busted!
Sure, and did you all hear that? Kip is hurt! I won't give my usual "Win for old Shamrock" pep talk, lads! Instead I want you to think of Kip lying there in that hospital with just one thought on his mind! You all know what that is!
Who's gonna shovel the coal tonight?
No, he wants us to beat State!
GIRLS LOCKER ROOM

Okay, guys! This is it! Let's do it! Let's win one for the Kipper!

Looks bad, Coach!
Sure, and it sure does! If only Kip were here . . .
Need a substitute, Coach?
SHAMROCK O TECH 3
ATOMIC WASTE





MOOLAH-MOOLAH DEPT.

But times have changed, and with it so have movies. With realism enjoying its day, a true-to-life, honest sports movie made today would have to go something like MAD's

TYPICAL SPORTS MOVIE OF THE PRESENT

This schedule is beautiful! We play nothing but set-ups and pushovers!

If we roll up enough big scores we get the number one rating!

I can't understand it! With the money we sink into recruiting, with a 200 man squad, not counting redshirts, we still don't have a guy who can throw the ball!

Look at that! FANTASTIC! Who threw that pass!?

Man, don't get all uptight! Ol' Hip Swinger didn't hurt your ball!

Kid, that was some heave! What pills are you popping?

Man, like I only had a few brews!

You threw the ball 100 yards on a few beers? You'll be dynamite on greenies! Swinger, how would you like a free ride through college?

Forget it, dad! I've got no time for games! I'm dedicated to a cause, the sexual revolution!

Swinger, football isn't a game—it's big business! It's a chain of hamburger joints, it's a night club, a bar! It's TV appearances, endorsements, books you don't write, movies . . .

None of my boys go to classes—it interferes with practice! You get a new car, we make your old man a scout, and you get an apartment! Meet your new roommate!

I really dig jocks!

Count me in, Coach! I didn't realize all the advantages of a higher education!

MORNING BLAST
SHAMROCKS SLAUGHTER SCHLOCKS, 45-7
Rookie scores 6 times, twice with cheerleaders

HEROLD SPORTS
SHAMROCKS CLOBBER CLODS, 52-3
Swinger Slings 5 For TDs, Runs For 3 More

DAILY BLAST
SWINGER SIZZLES AS SHAMROCKS ROLL TO A 60-2 VICTORY
Quarterback Breaks 8 Offensive Records, 3 Defensive in Lopsided Contest

DAILY STAR SPORTS
HIP HUMBLES HOFSTRA, 74-0
Shamrocks Shatter Shoddy Defense, Score at Will

DAILY PLANET BLAH
SHAMROCKS TO MEET STATE FOR NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP
Money Bowl Matches 2 Undefeated Powers

Bad news, Coach! Hip is on a bum trip and won't be able to play!
We'd better give everybody an extra ration of bennies!
Without Hip, they're going to need something stronger!
That fink, freaking out after all I've done for him!
Okay, guys, listen good! Hip took some bad stuff and went flakey on us! We'll have to play without him! But we can still win if we pull together! There'll be bonuses for all if we do, even the linemen!
Dig whitey with the old togetherness jive!
Yeah, so how come we don't have any black coaches?
KILL!
So let's get out there and remember everything I taught you—kick, bite, punch, hold, clip—cheat in every way! Just don't get caught!
If he says "win one for The Hipper", I'll scream!
How can these bums do this to me!? If it weren't for me, they'd all still be in the steel mills or coal mines!
Dig that crazy psychedelic halftime show . . .
You ding-a-ling, this isn't halftime! This is the big game and we're losing! Get your butt in there!
I dig, man! Just point me in the right direction!
SHAMROCKS 7 STATE 12
Things are looking grim for the Shamrocks, football fans! They trail State by 12-7, and though they have the ball on State's 30 yard line, without their sensational quarterback Hip Swinger, they just can't seem to move the ball! But hold everything! The man I just mentioned, the man I had lunch with last Tuesday, Hip Swinger himself, is staggering onto the field! Can he do it? We'll soon see! I don't believe it! The Shamrocks are lining up for a field goal! The ball is snapped . . . it's set . . . Swinger kicks . . . it's good! The game is over! The Shamrocks lose, 12-10!
abc
Coach, how come you went for the field goal when you needed a touchdown to win?
The important thing isn't winning, it's beating the point spread, Howard! We were 3 point underdogs, but thanks to Hip's field goal we only lost by 2, which means we really won!
Would you guys mind dropping me off at the bank to make a deposit?

PICKET YOURSELF DEPT.

Wherever you live, wherever you go, wherever you look—one thing is certain: Some disgruntled, dissatisfied group of workers is on strike. Who can blame the American public for getting tired of reading about these endless

MAD'S ALL-INCLUSIV

LABOR N
NEWSPAP

A walkout by ____(1)____
threatened today to ____(3)____
Unhappy with ____(5)____
____(6)____ plus ____
Management has countered with a packa
wages and provide ____(10)____
Mediators today stated that both sides ____
____(12)____.

1
the nation's
the city's
250,000
black
two incoherent
greedy
teenage
gay
freaked-out
Big Floyd and his
Mafia
allergic

2
auto workers
miners
electricians
accountants
garbage men
Baptists
pornographers
belly dancers
junkies
rock groups
werewolves
shepherds

5
low pay
poor working conditions
their pension plan
cafeteria coffee
smelly foremen
their sex lives
working
the owner's hippie son
nothing really
oily skin
the 1970 Mets
squeaky lockers

6
higher pay
a profit-sharing plan
a four-day week
a three-hour day
no supervision
two Christmases
inside plumbing
Bob Hope shows
free nose jobs
monogramed undershirts
to be loved for themselves
daily astrological forecasts

7
time and a half
time off
an extra 500 dollars
brownie points
a friendly wink
ice cream and cake
double plaid stamps
champagne brunches
the boss's mistress
a trip to downtown Buffalo
a trip to suburban Buffalo
something under the table

8
on holidays
after 2 p.m.
on their birthdays
during union meetings
for neatness
retroactive to June, 1965
on Yom Kippur
on the Chinese New Year
for showing up
during lunar eclipses
for beating up students
for staying sober

walk-outs? Well, as of now, there's no need to wade through the boring newspaper stories. Mainly, because MAD now invites you to simply fill in the numbered blanks from the corresponding numbered lists, thus making use of

VE DO-IT-YOURSELF

DISPUTE
ER STORY

_____ (2) _____
_____ (4) _____.
_____, the strikers are demanding
(7) _____ (8) _____.
e that would _____ (9) _____
..
_____ (11) _____ and that bargaining talks

3

spread throughout
paralyze
close down movies in
make an icky mess of
bring Spiro Agnew to
bore the pants off
unleash God's wrath in
make pot scarce in
miss
fill the poolhalls in
bring the war home to
cancel Arbor day in

4

the country
New York
Detroit
the Midwest
Connie Mack Stadium
the Catskills
Atlantis
every state but Utah
the Boston YMCA
Disneyland
the Houston Space Center
Fillmore East

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

9

increase
double
decrease
introduce
wipe out
make it a crime to get
pay 1939
make the union pay
hire scabs for
hand out beads for
reclaim past
make a joke of

10

for retirement
fringe benefits
jail terms for strikers
more for themselves
strikebreakers with shotguns
deodorant for foremen
a good story for the AP
for nothing else
medals for the bowling team
for complete automation
a lot of laughs
keys to the men's room

11

are near agreement
are far from agreement
are turning on
stink
want to shaft the consumer
need psychiatric help
are heavily armed
want to say "hi"
are swapping dirty stories
love long strikes
secretly feel ashamed
have disrobed

12

will continue
have completely stopped
will accomplish nothing
are stupid
will lead to bloodshed
should begin in 1973
will lead to bankruptcy
will destroy Cincinnati
sure beat working
are fattening
cause warts
are obscene

AD INSULT TO INJURY DEPT.

Have you ever been driven up the wall by sickeningly stupid TV Commercials? Have you ever been frustrated out of your skull because you must sit there night after night, with no way to get rid of your anger? Well, fear no more. Here is a

SNAPPY ANSWERS TO ST

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

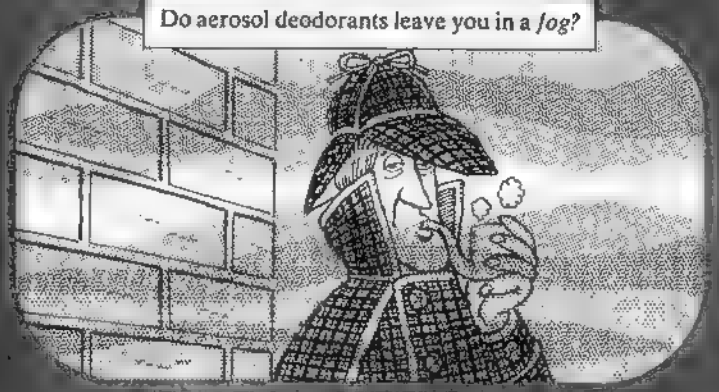
THE "PAMPERS" COMMERCIAL

What happened to the old baby? My God! It's the Pampers that are supposed to be disposable!

THE "TIPARILLO" COMMERCIAL

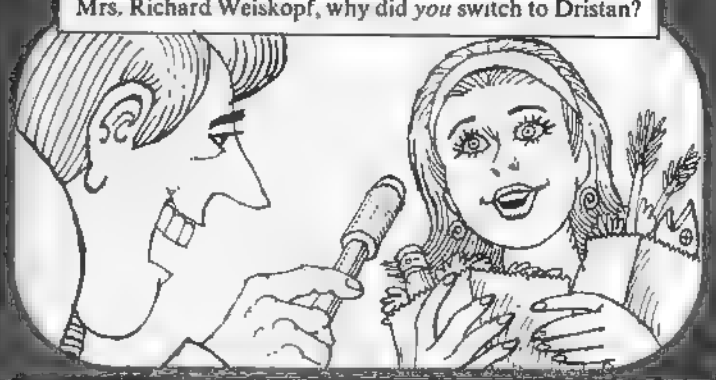
What would you say if I offered you a feminine hygiene spray?

THE "OLD SPICE" COMMERCIAL



That's not fog! That's my body odor!

THE "DRISTAN" COMMERCIAL



Because I'm getting a fat fee plus residuals for plugging this junk!

simple solution. Just hold this article in front of you the next time you watch TV, and the minute one of those idiotic commercials appear, shout out the answer we've given. You'll be amazed how much better you'll feel letting go with these

UPID TV COMMERCIALS

IDEA BY MARCELLE BESSER

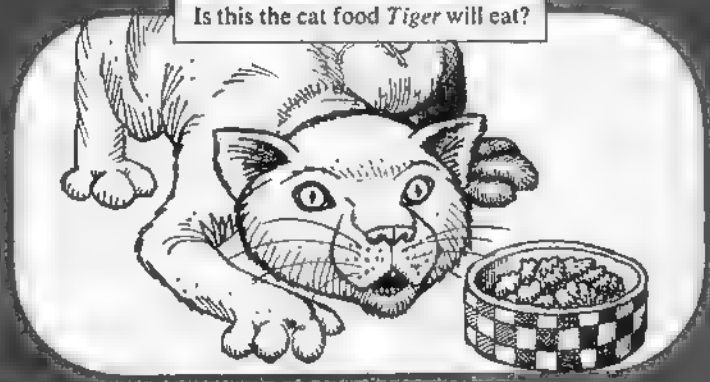
THE "BROMO-SELTZER" COMMERCIAL

Yes! Especially when I'm greeted by you on my TV set!

THE "COMET" COMMERCIAL

No, I'm having trouble with my doorlock! All kinds of weirdos—like Lady Plumbers—keep wandering in!

THE "PURINA VARIETY MENU" AD



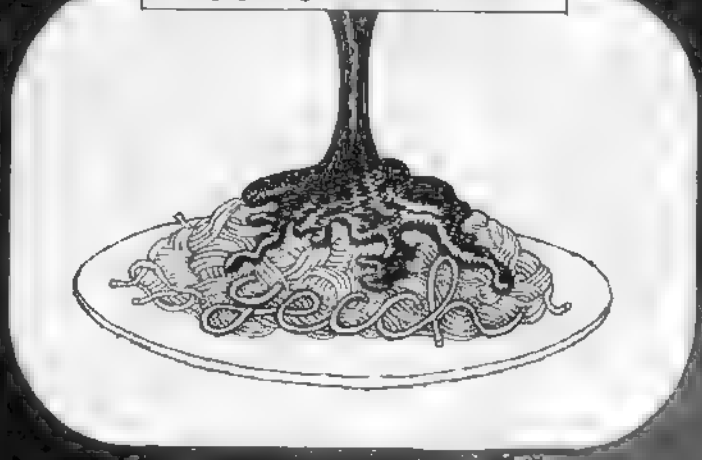
Yes, and then he'll have only eight lives left!

THE "LISTERINE" COMMERCIAL

Taste?!? I use it for removing grease from my bicycles!

THE "MUELLER'S SPAGHETTI SAUCE" AD

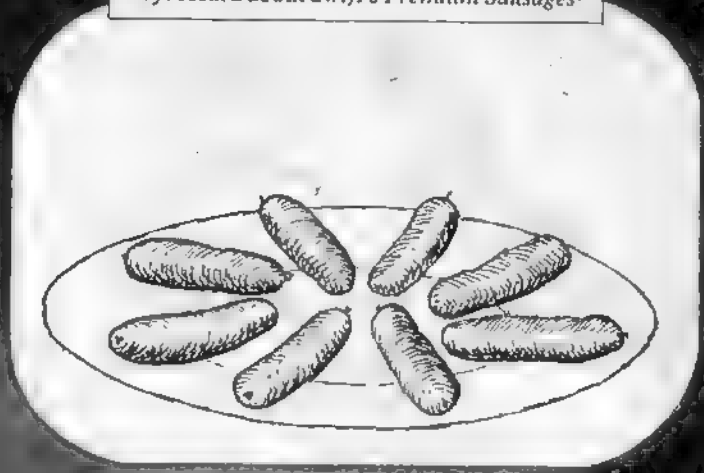
When you pour on the *sauce*, does your spaghetti get *lost* in the sauce?



No, my appetite gets lost in the sauce!

THE "SWIFT'S PREMIUM SAUSAGE" AD

Hey! Heard about *Swift's Premium Sausages?*



Yes! And for fifty bucks, I'll keep my mouth shut!

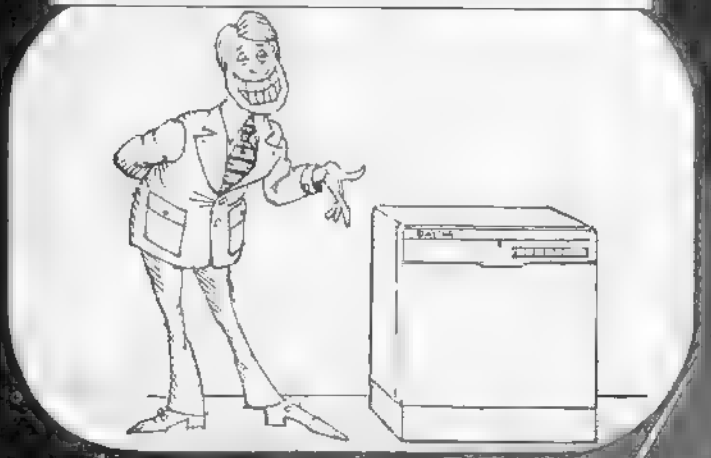
THE "IMPERIAL MARGARINE" AD

What happened? I feel like a *King!*

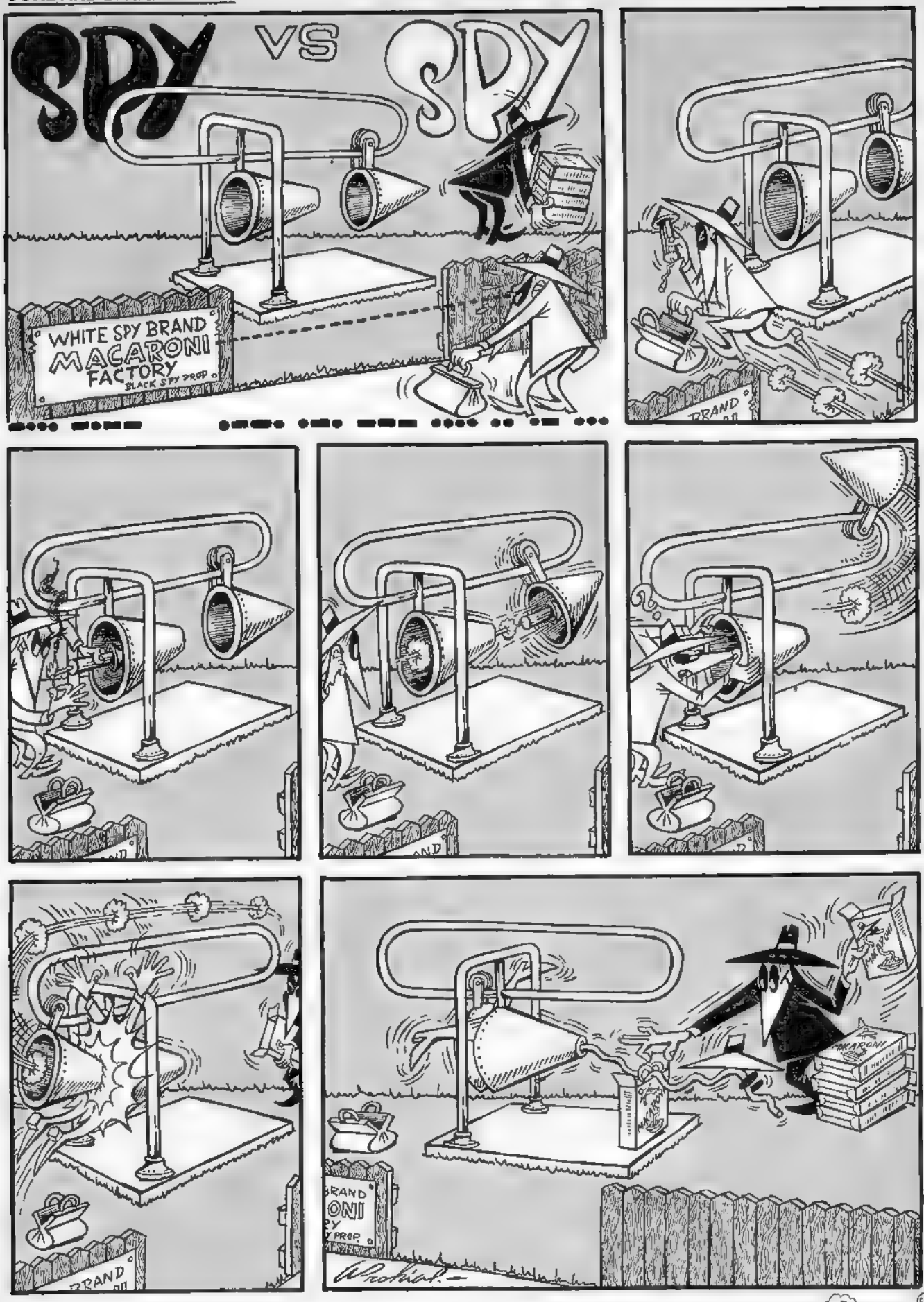
You're in trouble! You look like a Queen, Thweetie!

THE "MAYTAG" COMMERCIAL

What gives a Maytag dishwasher *extra cleaning power?*



The price tag that cleans out your bank account!


SPY VS SPY
WHITE SPY BRAND
MACARONI
FACTORY
BLACK SPY PROP
MACARONI

POST-WASTE DEPT.

Postcards are great for the people who write them, the people who get them, and the mailmen who read them. But just so your

MAD POSTCARDS FRO

Dear Brad,
Having a groovy time here in sunny Spain.
Those Spanish phrases you taught me are really coming in handy.
By the way, "bordello" does not mean "railroad station."
See you soon,
Eric

EL HASTA LA VISTA CARTE POSTALE CO., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

MADRID 12 de Julio de 1972 ESPAÑA

Mr. Brad Ripper
8811 Twin Lane
Baltimore, Md.
U.S.A.

Dear Min and Eugene,
Eating with chopsticks is an experience. We've already learned to pick up the food from our plates.
Now, if we could only learn to pick up the food from our laps.
Sayonara,
Lil and Bill

Dear Bea and Milton,
You certainly were right about all the fabulous things to see here at Yellowstone National Park. Last night we watched a re-run of one of our favorite "Lucy" shows, and today we're going to catch up on all the soap operas we never have time to see at home. Tonight the local movie house has a great double feature ("Gone With The Wind" and "War and Peace"), and then we'll hurry back to the motel in time to see Johnny Carson.
Thanks for recommending this gorgeous spot. Best Regards, Ina and Al

A PRODUCT OF U.S.A. PICTURE POSTCARDS, MADE IN JAPAN

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK July 7 1972

8¢ U.S. AIR MAIL

Mr. and Mrs. M. Simon
1900 S. Treasure Lane
Syracuse, New York

Dear Neighbors,
Friday, we came within 10 feet of a vicious lion. Yesterday, we took some fantastic close-up pictures of a herd of wild elephants. And this morning a charging rhinoceros came so close we could almost touch it. But we're cutting our safari short and coming home early because the insects here are impossible.
See you soon,
The Greens

Dear Stan,
I've been in New York City for only three days, and they've already stolen my clothes, my luggage and my car. God knows what they'll steal next

FUN CITY POSTCARD AND MAIL BOND CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

NEW YORK CITY N.Y. June 30 1972

7 CENTS

Mr. Stan Rodney
88 Leslie Street
Detroit, Michigan

Dear Natalie,
All those rumors about Italian men pinching and making passes at every girl that passes are just not true! So I'll be coming home from my vacation 10 days early.
As always,
Emily

postman isn't the only one on your block who has the fun of reading other people's mail, here is a random sampling of . . .

M MAD VACATIONERS

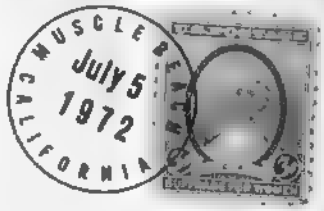
WRITTEN BY. DICK DE BARTOLO & DON EPSTEIN

A PRODUCT OF JAPAN PICTURE POSTCARDS. MADE IN U.S.A.

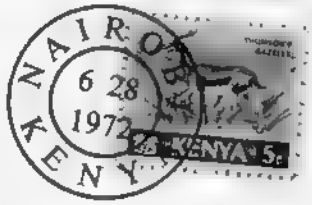
Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Yonkel
1633 West Flint Street
Epton, West Virginia
U.S.A.

Dear Sidney,
Hi, there, from Muscle Beach! Talk about your heavenly sun-tanned bodies in sexy bikinis!! This place is fantastic !!!
Unfortunately, there are also a lot of girls around.
Love and XXXXs
Bruce

AN EAT-THEIR HEARTS OUT POSTCARD, PRINTED IN U.S.A.



Mr. Sidney Willow
Cherry Grove Lodge
Fire Island, N.Y.



AFRICAN POSTCARD CO., NAIROBI, KENYA AND HARLEM, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Skatch
37 Chatham Road
Orono, Maine U.S.A.

Dear Sally and Jess,
Grand Canyon is really an ecological wonder. Thank God there are still such naturally beautiful things to see in this polluted old world. And the Canyon is so deep that when we threw our beer cans in, we didn't even hear them hit bottom.
Love,
Phoebe and Dick

TOURIST TRAP POSTCARD COMPANY, BROOKLYN, N.Y., U.S.A.

Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Weiss
1 Bratenahl Place
Cleveland, Ohio

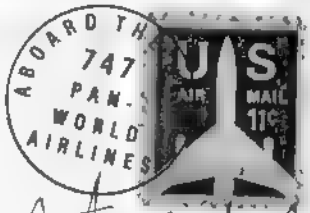
ITALIAN SCENES POSTCARD CO., MULBERRY ST., N.Y.C.

Miss Natalie Sigler
1066 Nanuoke Street
Far Rockaway, N.Y.
U.S.A.

IN-FLIGHT 747 POSTCARD
Courtesy of PAN WORLD AIRLINES

Dear Greta,
I'm writing to you from aboard a 747. I thought you said these big jumbo jets weren't affected by turbulence.
Love, Helen

THE FLY-BY NIGHT PICTURE POSTCARD CO., AIRSICK, GA.



Miss Greta Jackson
313 N. Alpine Rd.
Hazelton, Pa. U.S.A.

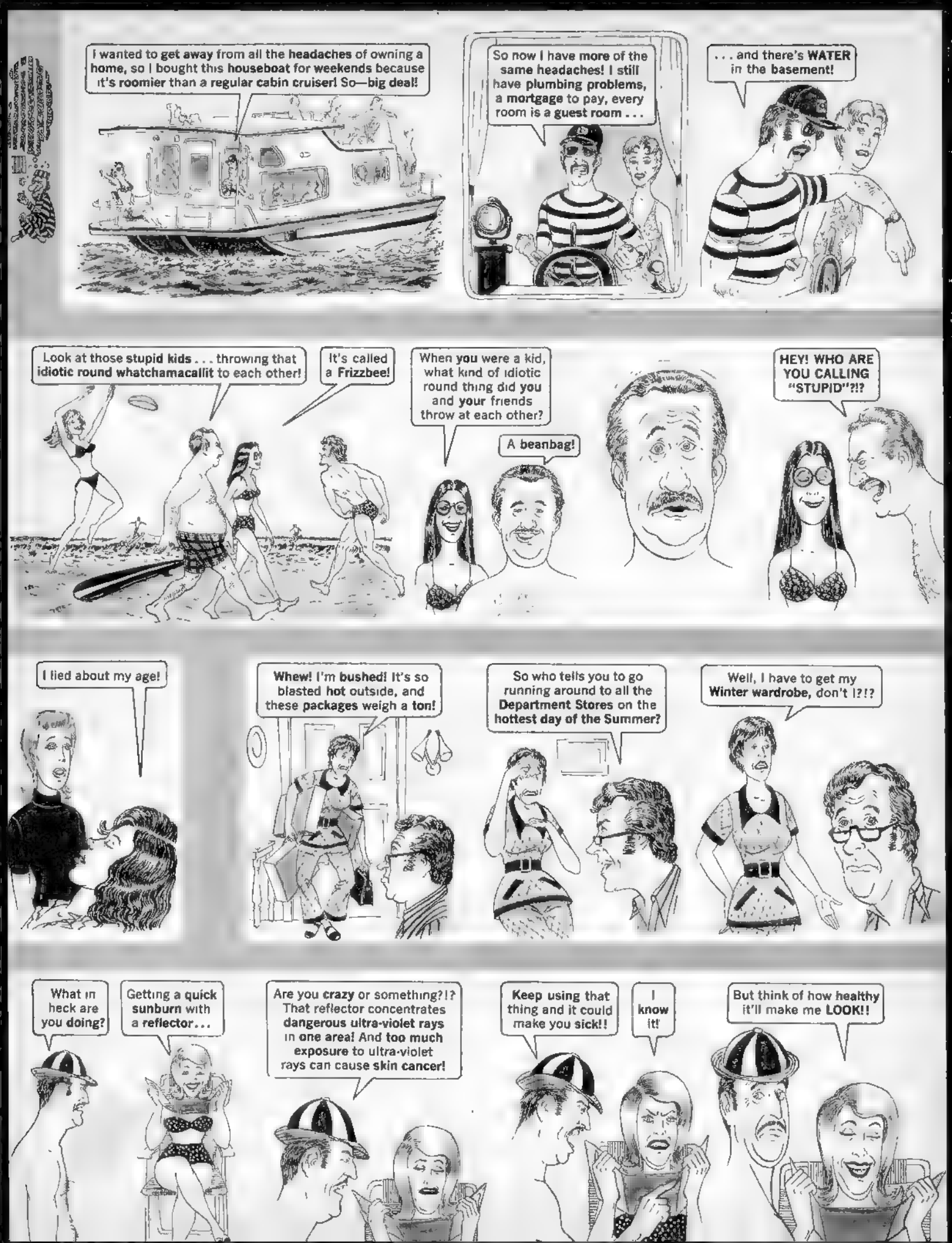
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

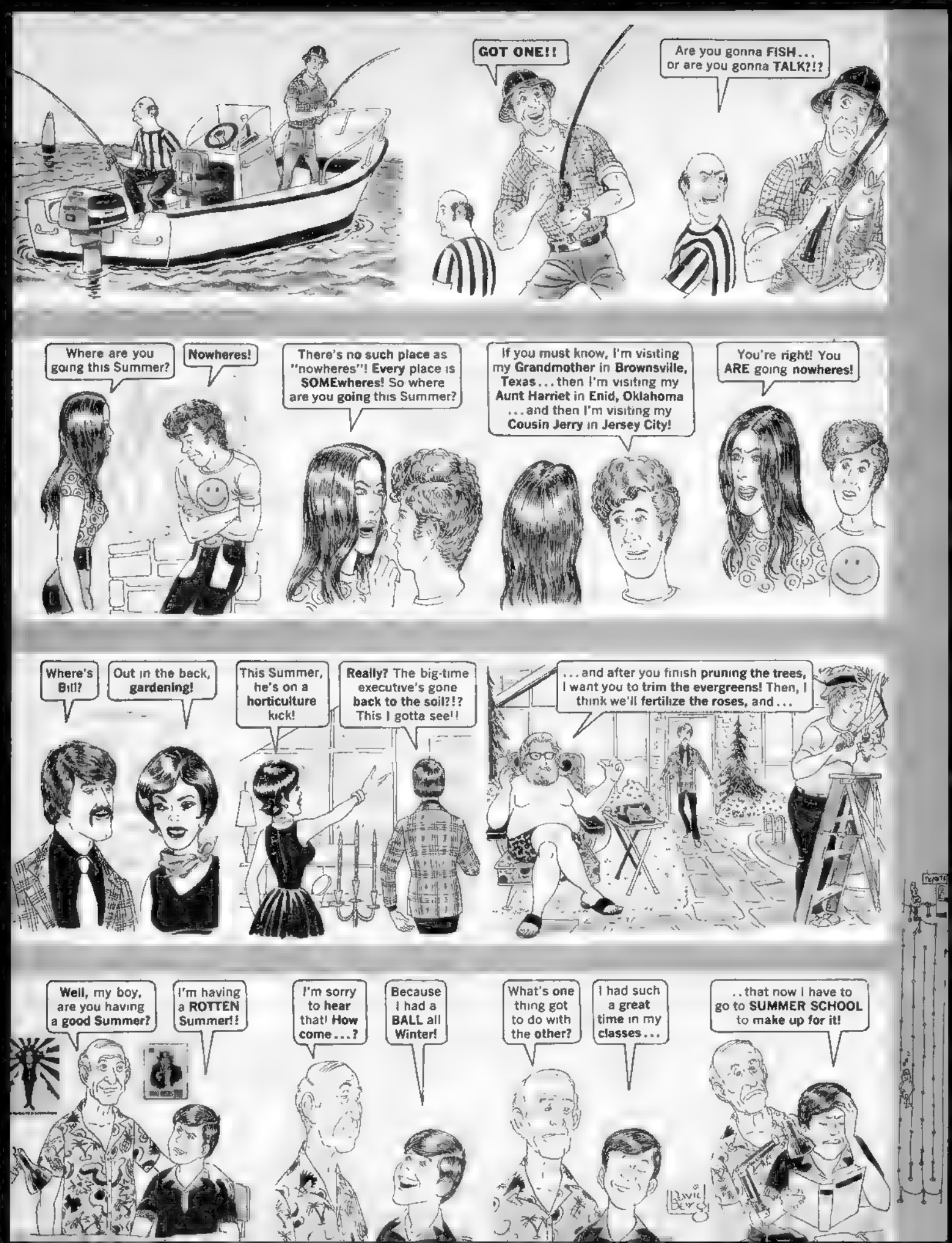
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... SUMMER

ACTIVITIES

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

Well, look who's comin' up t' bat! Flabby, four-eyed stock-broker, Harold Flurn! He can't hit the side of a barn with the side of a barn! He's an easy strike-out! No sweat on this creep, Mike! Take it slow on 'im! That's it! Strike one!!
He swings like a girl! Harold hasn't got his mind on this softball game! He's thinkin' about how he's gonna swish around at the next Gay Lib meeting! Put it right past 'im! That's it, baby! Strike two!!
Hey, don't even bother to throw him a slow one, Mike! Throw 'im a cream puff!! Next time, they're gonna send Harold's wife in to pinch-hit for him! Easy . . . That's it! STRIKE THREE!!
By the way, Harold! Got any Market tips for an old buddy?
How do you like my tan, Mr. Kaputnik?
Er . . . very nice!
Look at the big difference between where I'm sunburned and where I'm not!
Er . . . yes, I can see!
Well? How did you like her tan??
Tan??
WHAT tan???
S'matter, Janet? You look beat!
I am! At "The Little Tot Day Camp" where I work, I take care of three-year-olds!
I thought the youngest kids they take are FOUR!
Right! But the Mothers lie about their kids' ages just to get them off their hands!
Then they can hang around the pool and lie about their own ages to all the young swinging bachelors!
It's a terrible thing to lie! Now you're stuck with a rough job handling a bunch of rotten little kids! Gee, how'd you ever get a job like that, anyway?
C'mon! Let's go paddling in the Life Raft!
I don't like those things! They leak! I'd rather go swimming!
Don't be a killjoy! C'mon!
Okay, but this is against my better judgement!
SEE WHAT I MEAN?!? THE DARN THING IS LEAKING!! I TOLD YOU I'D RATHER GO SWIMMING!!
So what are you complaining about?
Fore 'n' aft


I wanted to get away from all the headaches of owning a home, so I bought this houseboat for weekends because it's roomier than a regular cabin cruiser! So—big deal!
So now I have more of the same headaches! I still have plumbing problems, a mortgage to pay, every room is a guest room . . .
. . . and there's WATER in the basement!
Look at those stupid kids . . . throwing that idiotic round whatchamacallit to each other!
It's called a Frizzbee!
When you were a kid, what kind of idiotic round thing did you and your friends throw at each other?
A beanbag!
HEY! WHO ARE YOU CALLING "STUPID"?!?
I lied about my age!
Whew! I'm bushed! It's so blasted hot outside, and these packages weigh a ton!
So who tells you to go running around to all the Department Stores on the hottest day of the Summer?
Well, I have to get my Winter wardrobe, don't I?!?
What in heck are you doing?
Getting a quick sunburn with a reflector . . .
Are you crazy or something?!? That reflector concentrates dangerous ultra-violet rays in one area! And too much exposure to ultra-violet rays can cause skin cancer!
Keep using that thing and it could make you sick!!
I know it!
But think of how healthy it'll make me LOOK!!


GOT ONE!!
Are you gonna FISH... or are you gonna TALK?!?
Where are you going this Summer?
Nowheres!
There's no such place as "nowheres"! Every place is SOMEwheres! So where are you going this Summer?
If you must know, I'm visiting my Grandmother in Brownsville, Texas... then I'm visiting my Aunt Harriet in Enid, Oklahoma ...and then I'm visiting my Cousin Jerry in Jersey City!
You're right! You ARE going nowheres!
Where's Bill?
Out in the back, gardening!
This Summer, he's on a horticulture kick!
Really? The big-time executive's gone back to the soil?!? This I gotta see!!
...and after you finish pruning the trees, I want you to trim the evergreens! Then, I think we'll fertilize the roses, and...
Well, my boy, are you having a good Summer?
I'm having a ROTTEN Summer!!
I'm sorry to hear that! How come...?
Because I had a BALL all Winter!
What's one thing got to do with the other?
I had such a great time in my classes...
..that now I have to go to SUMMER SCHOOL to make up for it!

INSIDE-OUCH DEPT.

A MAD PEEK BEHIND THE SCENES AT A... POLITICAL CONVENTION

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

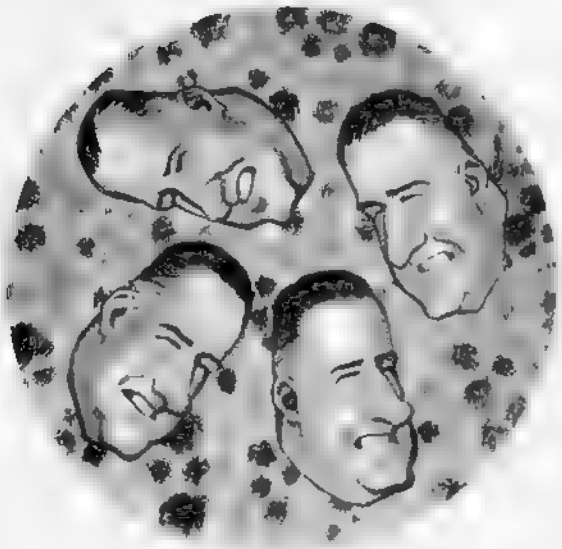
In my opinion, Richard Nixon is the most anti-Labor President we have ever had!
Then you'll throw the support of Organized Labor behind the Candidate selected at this Convention . . . ?
Sure . . . if they pick the man I WANT! Otherwise, Organized Labor will support Richard Nixon!
Okay, let's run through it again! Remember, this is supposed to be a spontaneous demonstration . . . so let's see some wild enthusiasm this time!
Hey, who are we demonstrating for?
Just read the name on the sign you're carrying, idiot!
One thing worries me! They have Billy Graham saying their prayers, and the people might get the impression that God is on their side!
Relax! We've got a Priest, a Rabbi, a Minister, a Guru and a Buddhist Monk for our Convention!
Great! That gives us FIVE Gods to their ONE!!
I'm sure glad they decided to move the Convention to Miami this year!
Yeah! That Chicago fiasco cost us the last election!
Who's talking about elections?!? I own a restaurant here in Miami and Conventions are good for business!
VOTE
And remember, I don' want any of you guys bustin' heads outside the Convention Hall . . . except when there are no TV Cameras around!
Yes, our Delegation has agreed on a Candidate! After considering all the fine men who are seeking the nomination, we have made our choice!
Who are you going to back, Governor?
Why, ME, of course! I'm going to run as a Favorite Son!

As soon as your name is placed in nomination, the band will strike up a stirring March! What number do you want them to play?
"Hail to the Chief"!
Listen, I don't care WHO won the primary! You'll vote the way I SAY!! Who's running this State Delegation?? Me—or a bunch of Farmers back home??
OHIO
IDAHO
VOTE
Call a Press Conference! I want to announce officially that I will not accept the nomination for Vice-President!
But nobody has even mentioned your name for the job!
You don't know much about Politics, son! If I keep denying that I want to be the Vice-President, some of the bigwig kingmakers may notice me, and they may offer me the job!
There! You look great, Senator! The TV audience will think you're a young man!
He reminds me of the way my Grandfather looked when he was embalmed!
They use more make-up at one of these phony Political Conventions than they do at any Gay Liberation rally!
TEXAS
NEVADA
Tell me, Senator, are there really any differences between the two Parties?
I'm glad you asked me that, Walter! There are two major differences—
The only real difference between the two Parties is that one is IN . . . and one is OUT!
We ought to sneak our Television Cameras up into the smoke-filled rooms where the Candidates are REALLY selected!
After looking over all the Candidates, I've decided that there's only one man who can win this election for us! Only one man at this Convention has the trust and the respect of the American people . . .
You're right! Let's nominate Walter Cronkite!

THE MALADY LINGERS ON DEPT.

A MICROSCOPIC LOOK AT

SPIROCOCCUS



The *Spirococcus* is the first microbe of the insignificant *vicepresidentus* strain to prove toxic. Transmitted orally, it spreads throughout the system, causing irritations and other ailments of an inflammatory nature. Only the powerful antibiotic, *Nixonol,* taken in liberal doses, can control the *Spirococcus.* However, Immunologists report that it is impossible to take *Nixonol* in liberal doses.

FEDABODIES

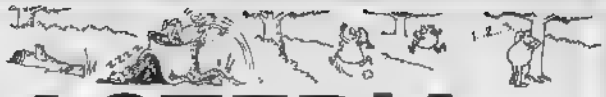
Fedabodies are highly developed microbes with which the system protects itself. Because of a strange biological defect, however, most *Fedabodies* can only propel themselves to the left. Once turned, they attach themselves to the nearest red cell, thus hoping to guard against the disease *Communemia.* This, of course, leaves more deadly organisms, such as the *Mafiaspores,* free to infect the entire system.

RADICOLLEGEUM

In extreme cases (and there are no other kind) the deadly *Radicollegeum* attacks the entire system, often destroying vital parts and blocking key arteries. In between attacks, it is common for one *Radicollegeum* to turn on another, an act that may lead to reproduction. The life-span of these microbes is limited to four years, after which they either lose their effect and are absorbed completely into the system, or they attach themselves permanently to a red cell.

WALLACILLUS

A special variety of the virulent germ *Jimcrococcus* known as the *Wallacillus* causes an abnormal enlargement of the white cells. Although confined mostly to the southern U.S., it occasionally breeds in northern regions. The *Wallacillus* is dangerous if uncontrolled, since it can cause a violent reaction throughout the entire system. However, scientists can usually tell when the germ is present by observing 2 important symptoms, a foaming at the mouth and a red neck.



MODERN-DAY BACTERIA

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: FRANK JACOBS IDEA BY MAX BRANDEL

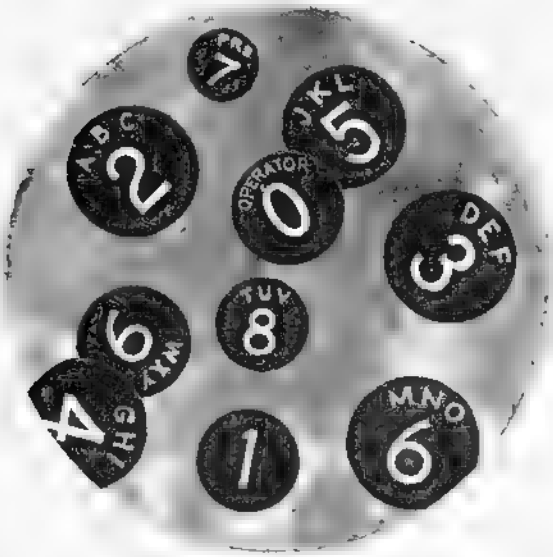
EMCEEVIDEOSPORE

Although it resembles a germ, the *Emceevideospore* is actually a gray fungus which can rot the brain. Highly communicable, its presence is detected by a soreness of the eyes and ears, usually on weekday nights. Once the brain is affected, the entire system becomes paralyzed in a seated position. Interestingly, although no two *Emceevideospores* look the same, each has the same deadening effect.

CREDICARDICILLUS

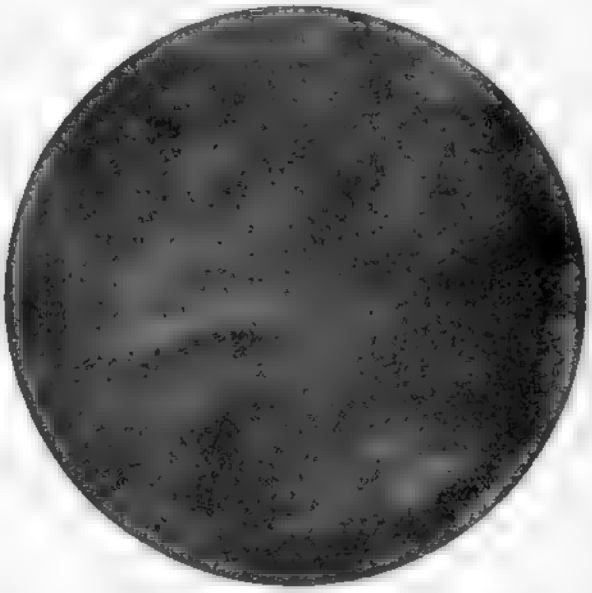
Twenty years ago the *Credicardicillus* did not exist. Today it is an insidious parasite, even more deadly and dangerous than the *Chargaccountocyte*. In its early stages, the *Credicardicillus* appears to be strengthening the smaller cells. Soon, however, it begins draining these cells, attacking at monthly intervals. In the end, the entire body expends itself trying to satisfy the parasite's incurable appetite. There are more than fifty strains of *Credicardicillus*, and, oddly enough, all of them can live in the same organism.

TELEPHOZOA



As can be seen above, there are only ten species of the micro-organism *Telephozoa* and they are all out of order. Occasionally, several species try to link up together, but the slightest breakdown in the system will disconnect them. Scientists once believed these bacteria were communicated person to person, but tests have proven this to be impossible. Strangely enough, although no one knows just what *Telephozoa* actually do, they always seem to be busy.

POLLUTAZOA



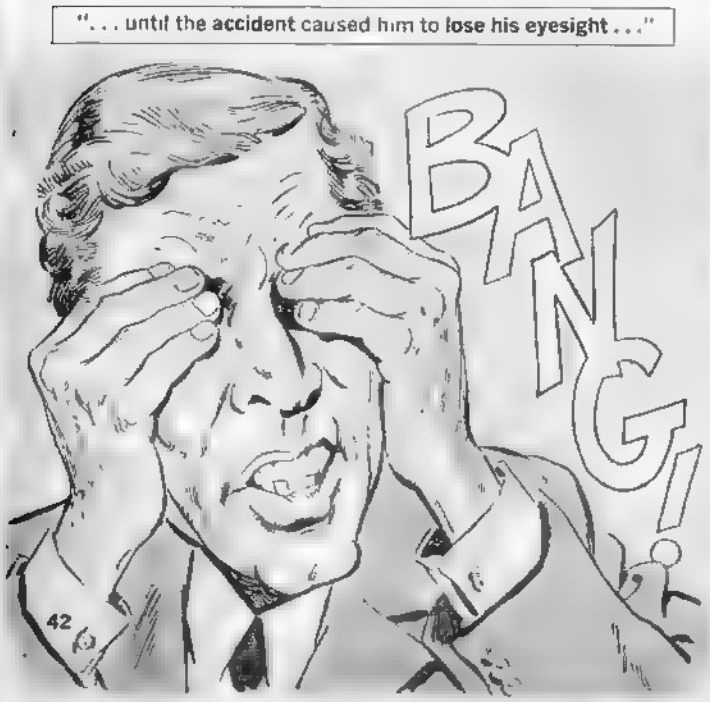
Pollutozoa are the most deadly bacteria known to science because they threaten every form of life, including man. Once allowed to thrive, they multiply rapidly, infecting the eyes, nose, lungs and skin. The above enlargement was supposed to show several *Pollutozoa*, but the microscope could not penetrate through the smog, fumes and sewage.

BLINDFOLDEROL DEPT.

Aw, c'mon, gang! Use your heads for once! Maybe . . . just maybe . . . there *could* be a Detective who solves crimes while sitting in a wheelchair! But can you actually buy a Detective who cannot see? A blind Detective who, week after week, goes around catching thieves, arsonists and murderers? Could there really be such a Detective? Not by a—

LO

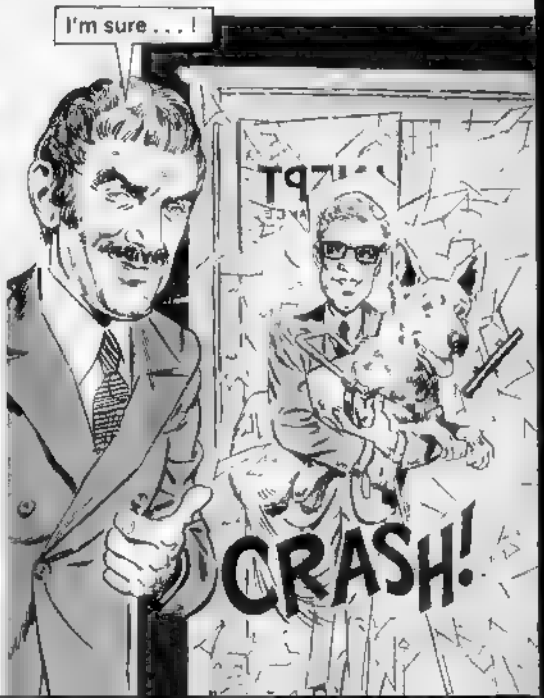
ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: STAN HART



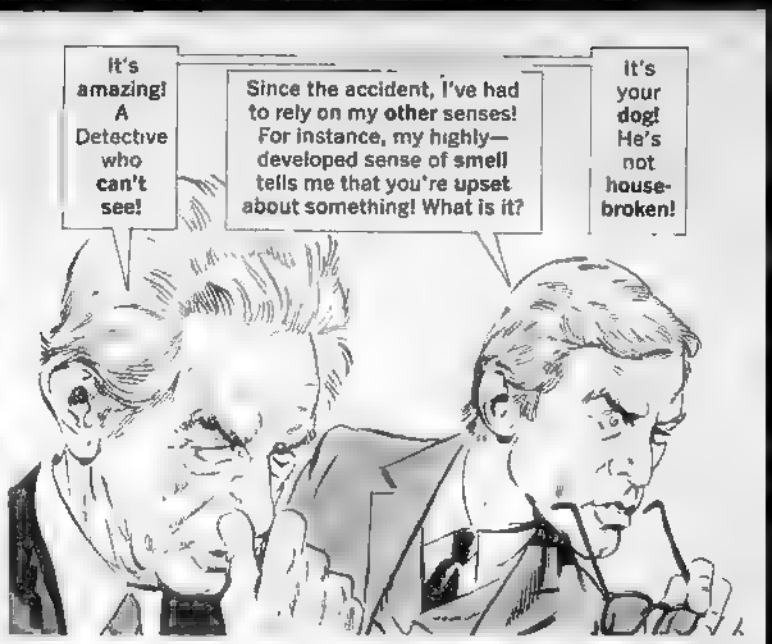
NGSHOT

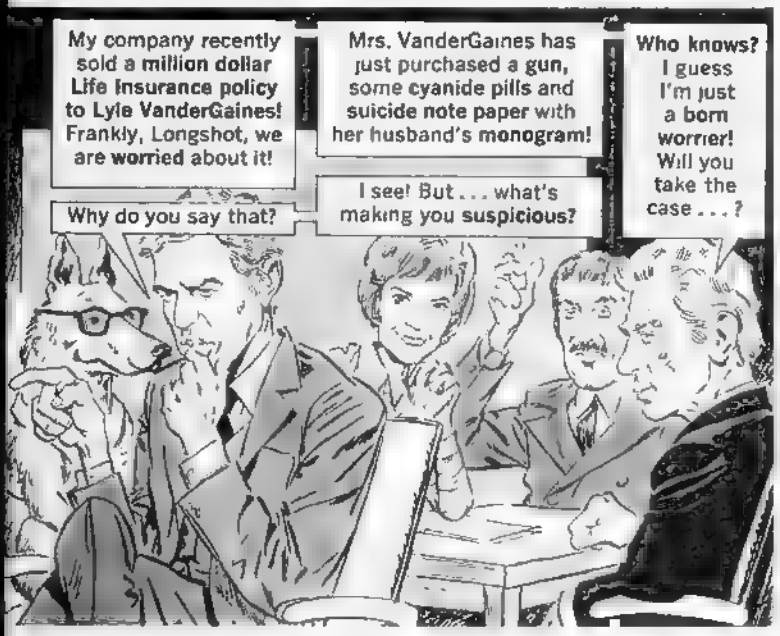
He was a swinger . . . a man-about-town . . . a bon vivant . . .

"He was a dedicated Detective . . . a deadly marksman . . ."



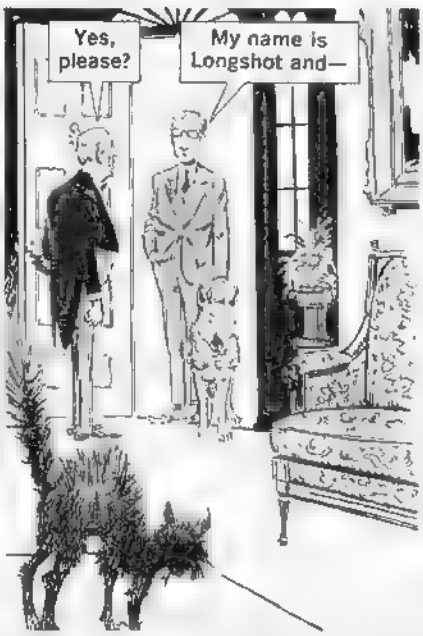
Ah-hah! You can tell a lot by a handshake! Sir—you're 62 years old, you're from the middle-West, you work with your hands—
It's ME, Mack!
. . . and you also have a funny way of talking!


It's amazing! A Detective who can't see!
Since the accident, I've had to rely on my other senses! For instance, my highly—developed sense of smell tells me that you're upset about something! What is it?
It's your dog! He's not house-broken!


My company recently sold a million dollar Life Insurance policy to Lyle VanderGaines! Frankly, Longshot, we are worried about it!
Why do you say that?
Mrs. VanderGaines has just purchased a gun, some cyanide pills and suicide note paper with her husband's monogram!
I see! But . . . what's making you suspicious?
Who knows? I guess I'm just a born worrier! Will you take the case . . . ?

Yes, by George! I'm your man! Let's go, Maxie!
Heel, Maxie! Heel! See . . . ? He obeys my every command!
You're right! He's doing it on your heel!

I really admire that man's courage!
I admire yours! You hired him!


Yes, please?
My name is Longshot and—

Heel, Maxie!
Heel! HEEL!

DOWN BOY! STAY! SIT!
GOOD DOGGIE!!

There's been foul play here! I can tell! Don't ask me how! I sense it!

Now . . . where is Mr. VanderGaines!

You're standing on him!

Okay, Mr. VanderGaines! I suggest you make a full confession! There's no use trying to conceal anything from me!

But he— he's DEAD!

And he lets a little physical infirmity like that stop him? Mr. VanderGaines, you must learn to overcome your handicaps!

Pardon, Madam, but the Police are here!

Good! Sometimes they can be helpful in solving crimes! But only on Jack Webb shows! I'd like the Detective in charge to pace off the distance between the deceased and the front door, then pace off the distance —

Don't be a wise guy, Mr. Longshot!

That sounds like Captain Ironbutt! I can tell by the way he wheezes and smacks his lips!

I also called in a Private Investigator named Canyon . . .

Somebody give me a push!

Well, with Ironbutt, Canyon and Longshot, we now have the three "Poster Boys" of Law Enforcement on the job! Sorry, Gentlemen, but I can handle this case myself! The rest of you can go . . .

Boss, if you don't lay off the starches, I'm going to get a hernia trying to push you around!

We're gonna need a derrick at least to get this guy out!

Or a new Zoning Permit for housing a Zeppelin!

My late husband was in the greenhouse all morning!

We'll just have to feel our way around!

Er . . . about your dog!

Isn't he amazing? He always knows exactly where I want to go!

How DARE you?! And me a widow for only an hour!

RUTABAGAS 12¢ LB.

You know, people who live in glass houses—

Shouldn't let YOU near them!

So your husband was an orchid fancier! That's a strange hobby!

Why? It helped him to relax after his ballet lessons!

Oh! For a moment there, I thought he was GAY!

CRASH!

I'm going to get to the bottom of this, Mrs. Vander-Gaines! By the way, have you seen that rascal dog of mine?

Yes! He's left clues all over the place!

Don't worry! It's excellent fertilizer!

But my carpets don't NEED fertilizing!

Hands up, Longshot! Into the car and don't say nuthin'!

Can I say just one thing?

Okay, just one . . .

MAXIE! GO FOR THE THROAT!!

Their throat, Maxie! THEIR throat!!

Once again, I must rely on my great senses! I'll use my fantastic sense of touch to get clues! My pulse rate is 72 beats a second, so if I divide my pulse beats by 72, I can tell how many minutes we've been driving and—

Unfortunately, my great sense of Long Division stinks, so that won't work!

Ah-hah! By using my sense of smell, I can tell one thing: That I should have taken Maxie for his walk before we got in the car!

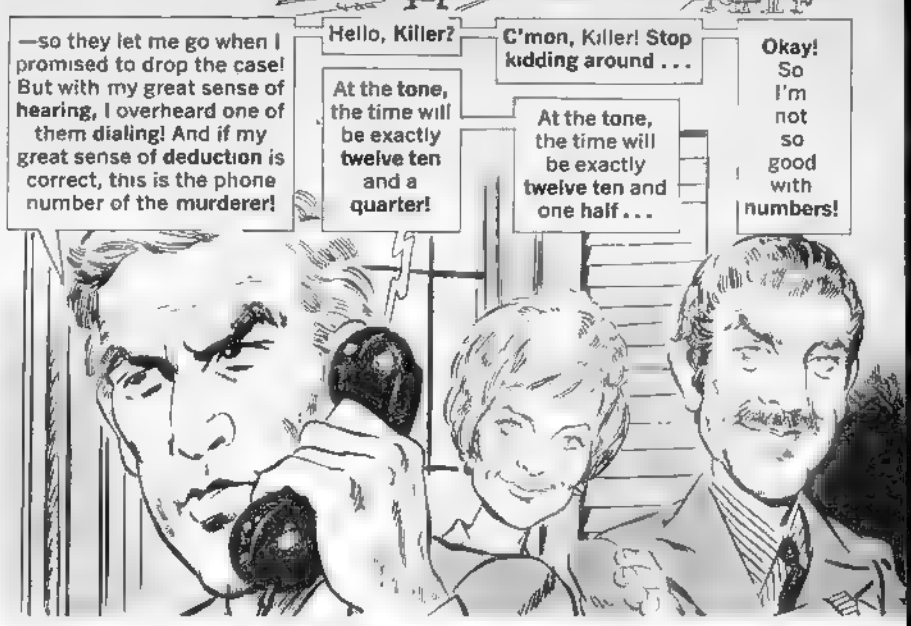
First YOU get it! Then that damn DOG gets his!!

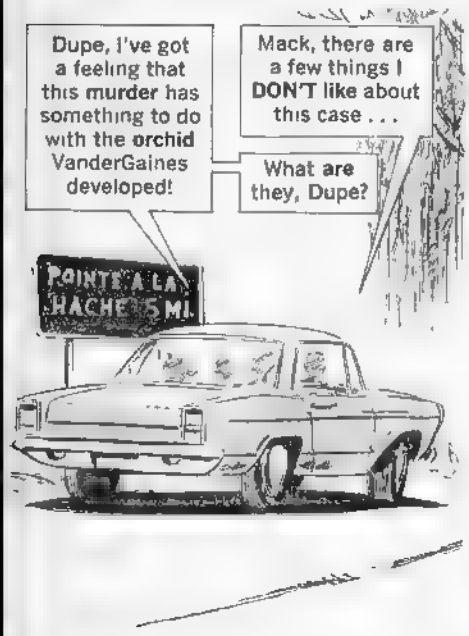
Because I can't see, you think I can't tell where you're taking me! Well, I have other ways of finding out! You can't blindfold my highly-developed sense of touch and taste and smell and hearing and . . .

Oh, yeah . . .?

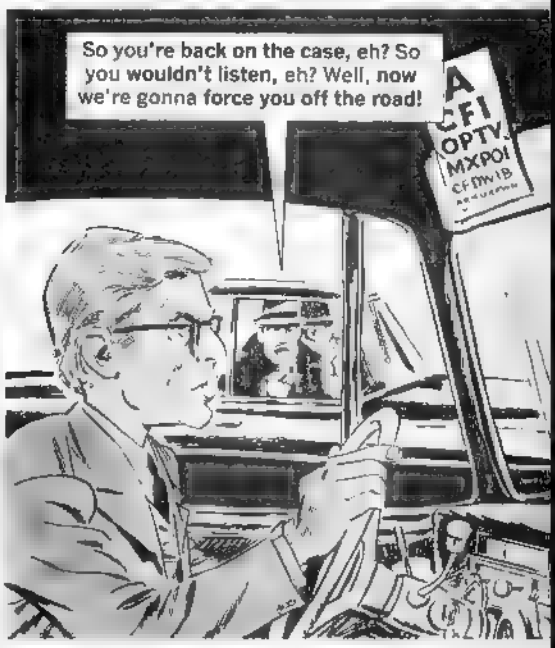
Hmmmm! Me and my highly-developed sense of MOUTH!!

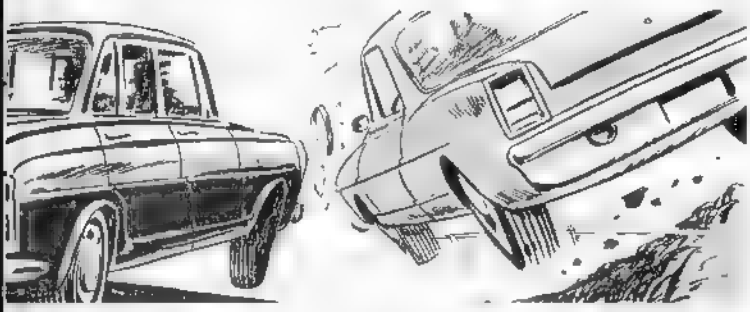
Good dog, Maxie! You've loosened my ear blindfold! Now I can hear that phone!
click click click click click click
I'll be able to reproduce that phone number by counting the clicks!
Yeah, Boss! We got him! Yeah! Okay! We'll let him go if he promises to get off the case! Yeah . . .

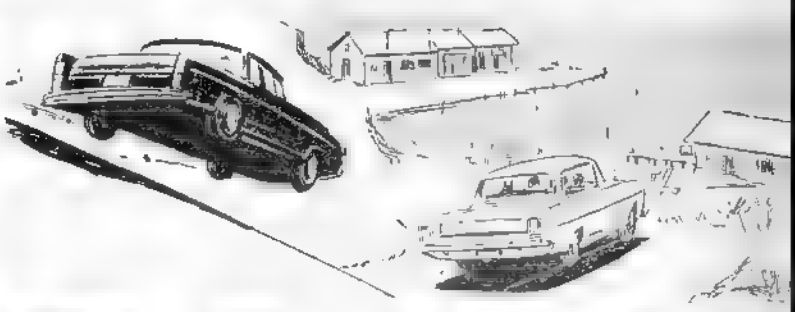

—so they let me go when I promised to drop the case! But with my great sense of hearing, I overheard one of them dialing! And if my great sense of deduction is correct, this is the phone number of the murderer!
Hello, Killer?
At the tone, the time will be exactly twelve ten and a quarter!
C'mon, Killer! Stop kidding around . . .
At the tone, the time will be exactly twelve ten and one half . . .
Okay! So I'm not so good with numbers!

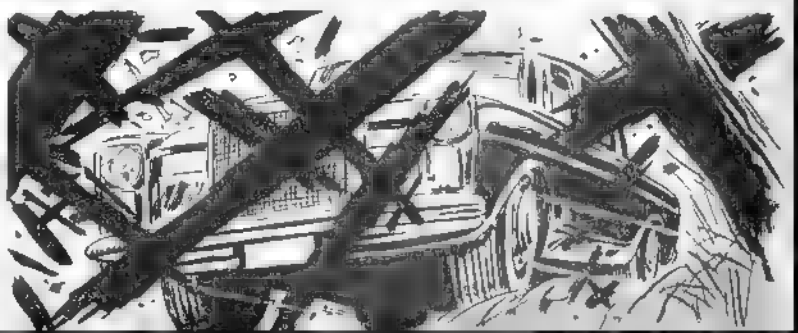

Dupe, I've got a feeling that this murder has something to do with the orchid VanderGaines developed!
Mack, there are a few things I DON'T like about this case . . .
What are they, Dupe?
POINTE A LA HACHE 5 MI.

Your DRIVING, for one thing!
Oh . . . ? Am I driving?
See what I mean?


So you're back on the case, eh? So you wouldn't listen, eh? Well, now we're gonna force you off the road!







Nice driving, Longshot . . .
About fifteen minutes!
The car chase is a tradition! It stretches a half-hour Crime Show into an hour!
Oh, yeah? You want to leave time for another ridiculous Situation Comedy like "The Doris Day Show" or "Arnie"?
Hey, what was that chase all about, anyway?
I mean, WHY??
But, that's silly!
Bite your tongue!

Dupe . . . Nookie . . . meet Jonathan Tamara, the murderer! Tamara knew that if VanderGaines succeeded in his experiments, it would depress world orchid prices and ruin him! So he murdered VanderGaines!
You know too much, Longshot!
ORCHID GROWERS OF THE WORLD AND OTHER PLACES

Say your prayers! You're all goners!
We'll see about that!

Hey! Who turned off the lights?!?
Good move, Mack! Now that it's dark, it's all evened up!
Not exactly, Dupe! With the lights out, I can't HEAR!!
CLICK!

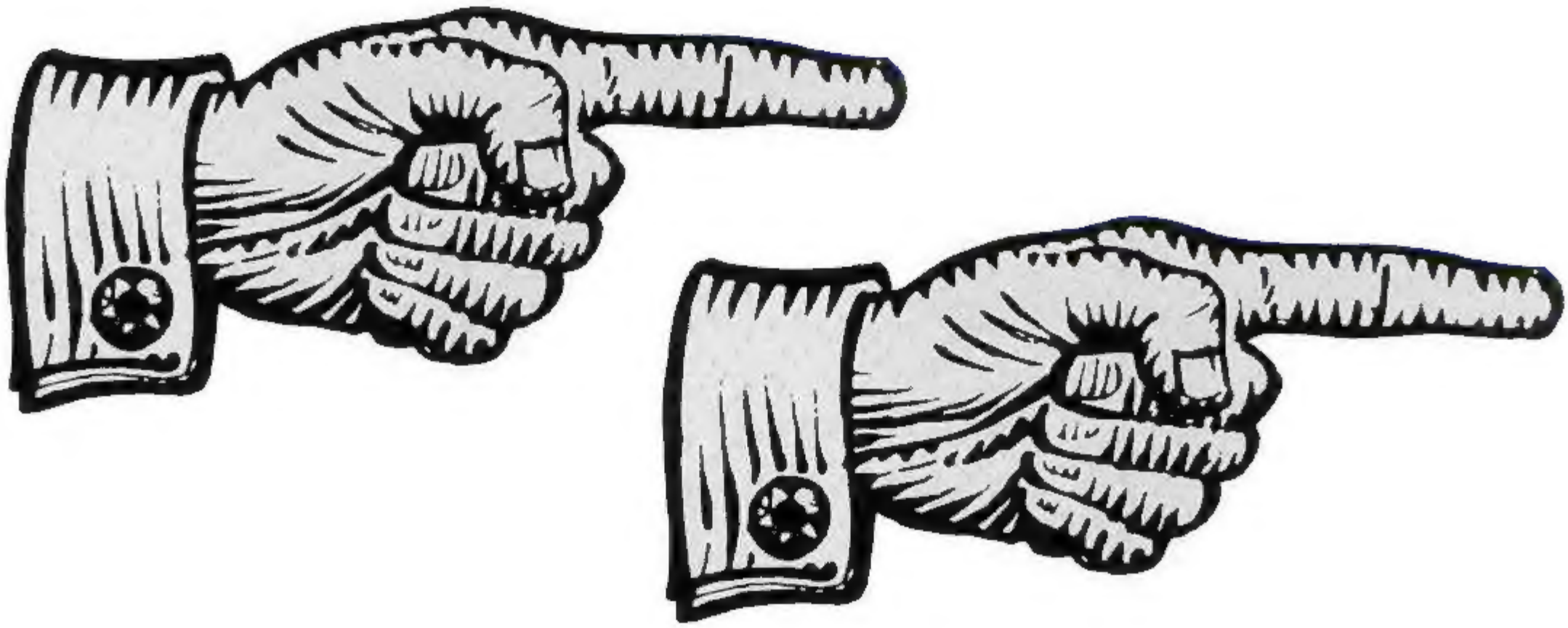
Take that, you killer . . .
BLAMM! BLAMM! BLAMM! BLAMM! BLAMM!

Gulp! Oh, my God! This is terrible!
I had to shoot it out with the killer! Did I get him?
CLICK!

You got him . . . his henchman . . . plus Dupe . . . and Nookie!
It must be horrible!
It is!
Thank Heavens I can't see it or I'd REALLY be upset! C'mon, Maxie . . .

Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT SUDDEN ASSAULT WIPES OUT MORE AND MORE AMERICANS EACH YEAR?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

People everywhere are gripped by fear and terror. All sorts of protective devices are being employed. But there is one type of attack that catches almost everyone by surprise. And the results are usually disastrous. To find out just what this terrible destructive menace is, fold in the page as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

MAJESTIC SURROUNDINGS NEITHER GUARANTEE NOR MEAN SAFETY. EVERY NEWSPAPER AND PERIODICAL EXPOSES DAILY OUTRAGES THAT OFFEND OUR SENSES

WHAT SUDDEN ASSAULT WIPES OUT MORE AND MORE AMERICANS EACH YEAR?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A⟩⟨B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

MAJOR MEDICAL EXPENSES

WANTED FOR MURDER!

PHOTOGRAPHY: BY IRVING SCHILD IDEA BY MAX BRANDEL

JOE PUSHER